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Thoughts of a Greek

BY

Christy D. Macris

The original price of this book is 50 cents. Ten thousand copies
have been donated to the work of the Red Cross Society.

1912

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PREFACE.

In presenting "The Thoughts of a Greek" to the public, I consider it my duty to mention some facts in reference to the work in general and its purpose in particular.

It has long been my intention to publish material of amusement as well as educational. More than once I have attempted to accomplish my such intentions, but, instead, I repeatedly tore up manuscripts to which I had devoted my spare time and time which I ought to grant to my mind and body for rest. The greatest obstacle—and I would dare to say the only one—which has caused me to be dissatisfied with my productions, has been lack of mastering the English language, because, I confess, though I am an American in what it takes to apparently make one, I am nevertheless of Greek origin, and twelve years' stay in my adopted mother land, America, could not grant me sufficient admittance into the depths of the wonderful phraseology, as well as equal number of years absence from my mother land, Greece, could not deprive my mind of recollections and topics of my childhood days.

It is natural for humanity to love the country that for the first time one has seen the light of day. This natural fact I will illustrate from my own experience, to the results of which this Preface owes its existence.

When my mother land called to arms all men from the age of twenty up to thirty-five years for the sake of preserving the sacred Allies' Oath and for the welfare of the Christians of Turkey in Europe, those natural and also sacred instincts within me, rose all of a sudden and dictated me the word "GO." Yes, I must go, I mused, in response to the demand upon my own self. I must at least tend my services to the country which I abandoned and of which part of my family composes a portion of its populace.

With the firm determination to go, I followed earnestly every movement and change of conditions in the

Balkans, and while I was entertaining hopes of betterment and peace, news of declaration of war was announced here and two days later bloody battles were in progress in every corner of the Turkish border. Making my final arrangements to depart, another day passed, and with my usual earnestness, I again sought for news. I glanced at the daily Greek newspaper and I noticed printed on its first page and with large type the following appeal addressed to the Greeks of the United States by their Highnesses, Princess Sophia and Princess Helen of the Greek Royal family:

"FOR THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF GREECE."

"The Parentage like aid and help to the wounded of those that have fallen for the sake of religion and country, is the most noble duty and above all other duties. More than once I found cause to appreciate the patriotic and generous feelings of our country's children. Having established a hospital at Athens to be under my attention and care, for the wounded of the war, regardless of class and nationality, I appeal to the Greeks all over the world and beg them to help a good cause. SOPHIA."

"Having in operation a railway hospital for the quicker transfer of the wounded from the scene of battle to Athens and other cities that can accommodate and care for them in the proper way, I appeal to all the philanthropists to lend a helping hand, so the operation of the said railway as well as the accomplishment of the good cause that the Red Cross Society attempts may succeed. HELEN."

Further investigation of the day's messages convinced me of the fact that it was immediately necessary for me to grant my share of help to the Society of Red Cross, because of a similar appeal that I read in the papers from President Taft, the day's messages also contained news of fierce battles and announcing thousands as wounded. I was studying how and in what way I could help the Red Cross, when, as by a flash, the idea came into my mind—I thought of my long-forgotten manuscripts, which I had neglectfully placed upon a rack. I walked toward them mechanically; I brushed

the settled dust off them and hesitatingly fell upon a nearby chair. What a good thing it would be, I thought, if I were only able to appeal, myself, too, to my beloved and philanthropic Americans—and I felt certain that each and every one of them would offer the reasonable sum by which they can enjoy these stories and also help a good cause; but how can I do it? How can I do it? The question more than once came into my mind. I had before me enough short stories, monologues, plays and poems to make two large volumes, but every one of them was uncorrected and needed some revising, some better composition and some the last touches of some one who would have the somewhat unselfish qualification to say: "It is correct." I could not say that, myself, no matter how much self-control I could gather; but, alas, the time is short. To attempt to revise or otherwise wait and try to seek the right person who would be able to correct these things, I should have to abandon the idea of helping the Red Cross Society. Immediately I rose from my seat. I selected what I thought would be most suitable, self-amusing articles.

I wrote a poem and some imaginary editorials in haste to cover practically the situation and rushed to the publishers with the "bunch."

Under the circumstances, the reader, I hope, will take into consideration the conditions referred to above in passing any criticism, from which I do not claim my book is barred.

In passing I wish to mention that the fund earned from the sales of this book will be placed at the disposal of the Red Cross Association of Greece, to be used for the help of the wounded of either nationality, or both, the latter being the most certain, owing to the fact that a large number of Turkish soldiers are now under the aid of this association at the Greek hospitals.

THE AUTHOR.

TO AMERICA.

I express my gratitude and thanks to thee,
My adopted Mother Land of Liberty.
Count my life amongst your braves,
And use it to suit your own ways.
Your stars and stripes of red, white and blue,
Are symbols of greatness—my hat off to you.

FORWARD

If Revolutuions and Wars have been accepted as outbursts of equal rights and civilization, we must look with hope toward the future of the Balkans. Up to a few years ago, electricity and steam were as much known to the natives of Turkey as to the civilized world at the time of Fulton. One desiring to discover the true meaning of the word "superstitiousness" had but to be in Turkey, not a century or two ago, but in the days of Abdul Hamid, at which time electricity was considered an evil spirit and its installation prohibited in the midst of this fanatically traditional race. After Abdul's dethronal an apparent betterment of conditions was noted. The young Turks, with their revolution, appeared to be determined to advance toward civilization. Their course, however, was slow and cautious. They realized that civilization meant destruction to them and in consequence they abandoned their undertaking at the beginning. What else could civilization mean to so blood-thirsty a race as the Turks but destruction? Christianity is bound to succeed the Koran's unfounded rules after civilization.

The present conditions in Turkey do not only damage her inhabitants and private affairs, but damage all the Balkan nations. The stagnancy of Turkey blockades the pacing progress of those nations in competing with the balance of the world. She refuses the passing of commodities through her borders, refuses to connect her railroads with those of Balkan nations, and will not adopt modernism in any form for the welfare of the people. The soil of Turkey is equally as rich as that of France, England and America, but she refuses to exert any effort to extract the benefits therefrom.

To avoid her destruction by civil wars she keeps her populace in darkness. She cannot, however, do likewise to the Balkan nations and retard their progress. Right is might and is bound to succeed, and the step will be made FORWARD.

THE BALKANS AND EUROPE.

Even jokes sometimes will help in part
 To cool our excited human heart.
My song is dramatic, yet you can laugh
 If regret won't succeed the day aft
I'll shout: "All aboard" one time more,
 The aeroplane is going to soar.

Friend, leave aside the City of Fashions
 And a trip take into Balkan nations.
Step, if you're going with my thought's aeroplane
 Unless you choose a voyage—if so, be plain.
I assure you, indeed, as sure as you're born
 A volunteer with you I'll come on the run
I leave you to decide and make up your mind
 While the scene I change in another line,
As Europe says, "No use to talk,
Business is business, trust to your luck."

Every inch of soil, every country road
 Have sucked an immense amount of blood.
Every Christian mother in the Balkan land
 A child has lost for some Turkish band.
Every maiden dreads and trembles with horror—
 Some lost their religion, some lost their honor.
The massacre of Christians is cruel and fierce,
 Would suffice the heart of Nero to pierce.
But Europe says, "No use to talk,
Business is business, trust to your luck.

The martyrs to see we are here at last;
 Today they suffer as they did in the past.
Women and children run for their life;
 Thousands already have passed through the knife
That pursued mother, I call your attention,
 To save her child she tries with sensation;

Through the dead she runs, but she fell on their pile,
The foe caught her and also the child.
And Europe says: "Trust to your luck,
Business is business, no use to talk."

The mother fights with Turks and cries,
As Turk removes the child's eyes.
She calls for help—I say, don't you hear?
Oh, terror, terror—they cut off his ear!
Poor mother she tries to pull him loose,
But now, my God, they cut off his nose.
Religious Europe, won't you AWAKE?
"Business is business, trust to your luck.
We told you once, no use to talk."

The curse of the mother and I accuse
Your business as veil for your excuse.
Some day you'll pay these heavy fines
In gold corrupted from Turkish mines
And factories in Turkey and Turkish bonds
And your other business and great loans,
Then you will remember "No use to talk,
Business is business, trust to your luck."

Poor refugees of the Musselman,
Stricken with terror they also ran,
With painful features and wild look.
Glanced at their homes, and leave took.
Poor human beings, I would gladly lend
If I could a helping hand.
Fear not, I assure you, however,
The Christians to hurt, NO, NEVER, NEVER.
Yet Europe says: "No use to talk,
Business is business, trust to your luck."

Where is the mother with the ill fate?
Alas, I thought of her too late.
Some parts of the child were hung with a tape,
And with a rope the body, without shape.

The mother, 'tis strange, had no broken heart,
For her body and head were severed apart.
Oh, cruel, cruel barbarians,
Remember your children, Bulgarians.
The innocent blood that death is reaping
In Europe, and think, Europe is sleeping.

My blood is chilled with broken heart,
We'll travel on to another part.
Oh, this is worse, what dreadful sight,
Who is the cause of this cruel fight?
Thousands of corpse have fallen and fall—
Men and women, children and all.
Women again, they treat her as beast,
Can't they respect the children at least?
Religious Europe, won't you awake?
My throat is hoarse, I cannot talk.

Civilized Europe, will you bear
At the cannon's roar to stretch your ear?
Shall I believe that Turk is indeed your pet,
And the question you refuse to settle of Cret●?
Montenegrins the braves are again at battle,
Do you hear how their swords rattle?
Think, however, that it isn't right
To let that handful army fight.
Give the justice—you have the power
Or they will take it, and remember the hour.

Keep in your mind that a human being
And business and such are a different thing.
The world's welfare depends on you,
Think with wisdom and do what is due.
The Greeks are natives, as native is a tree;
The Turks took theirs in fourteen fifty-three.
I'll proceed elsewhere, no use to talk,
Enough said of business and trusting to luck.

The fire proceeds from every direction
And a RED CROSS HEROINE draws our attention
Of the wounded here many would be lost,
Were it not for the brave RED CROSS,

Who in a cry and sigh, "'mid shot and shell,"
Like divine beings with the wounded dwell.
All glory to you midst that awful racket.
Departing for the cause I empty my pocket.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

Venizelos, son of Crete,
'Mongst the Greeks your person is high.
You are their hero, you're their "IT,"
Your name with them will never die.

The Balkans also owe to you,
All their victories, all their fame!
To you the praise all is due,
You were behind every gain.

Diplomat wise indeed you are!
In Athens you speak as against the war.
And then of a sudden wide and far,
With fire in hand, to Balkans you tore.

During dark nights you were working.
When the world was in bed asleep,
Of armies and fires you was studying and talking,
So as to plunge the Turk into the deep.

Extravagant praise I do not give,
Not enough I admit, however,
When I shout, Venizelos long live,
And his fame will live forever.

KATHERINE AND I.

Before proceeding with my story I wish to preface it by saying that I have decided never to conceal the TRUTH, no matter how near and dear the relationship may be to myself, hence my reason for revealing to you a certain portion of my biography, a portion relative to the most sacred and personal event in my life. First, I have come to the conclusion that I am not jealous, but, fearing that the reader may form such an opinion of me, before proceeding further, I would ask you what the meaning of the word "jealousy" is. You say, of course, you know, but I am alone and cannot hear your answer. Therefore, in my solitude, I will ask myself the question and answer likewise. I will treat the subject myself and try and reveal the true meaning according to the worldly sense. Some think jealousy is a disease, while others term it a branch of insanity. The more skeptical, however, say it's unfounded and foolish imagination associated with a nervous temperament; nevertheless, we must all admit that this great monster, while not directly being accused of being a producer of crime, still, we must confess that it is the mother of much misfortune. Can we avoid this monster? Can we ward off this disease? Have I this so-called disease, or am I in love? I have long come to the conclusion that I am not jealous. I will quote from a pocket edition of the great Webster his definition of the word "jealous." I now turn the pages of this masterpiece and, stopping at the letter "J," I read as follows: "Jealousy: Suspicion of rivalry, anxious to defend the honor of." I will not detain you further with this seemingly tiresome hypothesis of jealousy. Webster at least gives the clue by saying it's equivalent to "Defend the honor of," and there he stops without defining the kind of honor or whose honor. I will, therefore, continue the definition where the great Webster left off. We must admit that jealousy originates from interest, from concern, from affection, from LOVE. Knowing, therefore, that I am concerned, that I am anxious to "DEFEND THE

HONOR OF ONE" in whom I hold interest; knowing that I watch with anxiety, with delicate care in secret "SOME LIFE," grant that jealousy is interest and concern, both of which pertain to love. Therefore, the conclusion is that jealousy originates from LOVE. Who of you is there who have not heard the "VOICE OF LOVE?" The origin of jealousy being love I am, therefore, not jealous, but "IN LOVE." I have dwelt long enough upon this subject. Remember, however, I am not jealous—far from it—but I am IN LOVE, trying to defend the honor of Katherine, whom I love. Our love is similar to the romance which we read of in the novels of the middle ages; love then was handicapped, love that existed in the prehistoric ages, and which now exists among the Greeks. The love that furnished gossip for the tongues of your neighbors. Nevertheless, this love I believe is a sample of the true love. More than one life has been lost in their efforts to secure communication with those that they love. A Greek thinks that a lover's duty is to appear before the father of the girl and ask for the hand of his daughter and, upon acceptance, the engagement follows and Cupid is allowed his scope. Personally I do not wish to criticise either the old or new method of love-making and now I will return to Katherine and I. Yes, we loved as only true lovers could. Our parents, who at first objected to our marriage, eventually consented when they saw the power of true and pure love. The wedding ceremony was barely over when, like a miser carrying his treasure, I took my bride, Katherine, away from the noisy city, away to one of my father's estates in the country to spend our honeymoon there amid the sweet perfume of the flowers, the singing of the birds, the murmur of the creek and the shade of the trees to live for a short time as if in a very paradise. At the thought of those blissful moments my very heart cries out. Those days are now gone—buried in the "ashes of time." Alas, those recollections, now so bitter, yet once so sweet! I still love my Katherine. Three months had passed away as a dream upon my father's estate, three months of perfect happiness, ere a dark cloud fell. Summer was at

an end and the trees that had helped to make life so beautiful during our honeymoon were losing their leaves, and the birds were taking flight to a warmer clime. So Katherine suggested that we return to the city. After having packed our baggage and secured tickets we left the country for our apartments in the city, both happy and with not a care in the world. But, alas, three days in the city had barely passed when I felt a dark cloud hovering over me. The postman brought with other mail that morning an invitation to a ball that was to take place the following night. I took the invitation and read it, at the same time wondering to myself why these people had waited until the last day to invite us to the ball. But, upon second thought, I decided that they possibly did not know that we had returned from our honeymoon, and while I was thus studying and was just on the verge of throwing the invitation into the waste basket, I heard Katherine coming and as she entered she greeted me with the usual "good morning" in her sweet, bewitching way, and kissed me fondly, which I likewise returned. I had entirely forgotten that I held the invitation to the ball in my hand. I opened it once more and read it to Katherine, at the same time saying, "We are not going to the ball are we, dear?" "And why not?" she hastily replied and immediately wanted to know the reason for my not wanting to go. One glance at her face and I beheld an expression that I had never before seen, an expression that I never dreamed it possible for her to possess. I was almost breathless. I realized now that the cloud was becoming darker. I almost felt the blood leave my face. I saw then for the first time, my dreams of happiness gradually vanish. I saw the same horizon that had each day upon the estate brought us such great happiness and sunshine. I saw it bringing rays of grief, I saw it tinged with venomous poison to destroy our pure love, our joy and our eternal happiness. The cause of my worry and excitement may seem as a trifle, still this fact, the fact that Katherine had not the same idea regarding the ball as I had, her apparent boldness to disagree was making the matter grow more serious in my mind each

moment. This was the first time she had offered the slightest opposition to me. I looked at her and saw by the expression that she was waiting and expecting an answer from me. I was at a loss. I seemed dumbfounded. I at last mustered enough self-control to reply, and turning to her said: "But, my dear, I thought that as the ball season had only just started we would have ample time and plenty of invitations before the season closed, and besides we would be better prepared than we are at the present time, as we have just returned from the country." As I finished speaking I noticed a look of despair upon her face. I arose and went toward her with the thought of embracing her and trying to comfort her, but ere I had the opportunity she turned abruptly and left the room. Thinking that possibly I had treated her unkindly I went to her room and there I found her sitting in a rocking chair, the tears like crystals trickling down her rosy cheeks. I felt like a brute and hastened to make amends. After much talking and pleading she seemed satisfied, but only after I had promised that we should go to the ball. I went to the office the next day with a heavy heart and even during the most strenuous moments of my work the thought was ever before me that the castles I had built in the air were being shattered every moment. I began to realize every minute that my expectations would never become a reality. When I came home for the noon meal I found Katherine in a very bad humor. She was indulging in some hot words with the dress-maker, so I did not speak to her lest I might disturb the troubled waters and make matters worse. I had my dinner and returned to the office to finish the day's work. After the office had closed I hastened home to supper and was somewhat surprised when the maid informed me that my wife would not take supper with me that night. I felt as if the very walls of the dining room were closing in about me. This was the first time since our marriage that I had dined alone, and to think that the dance had been the cause of it all. Shortly after supper Katherine sent the maid to me with the unusual

request that she wanted me to help her dress. I immediately went to her room and only one who has been placed under similar circumstances knows how closely the room resembled a dry goods store. The very air seemed full of laces, skirts, hats, pins, ribbons of every color and jewelry here, there and everywhere. She greeted me with "good evening" and asked after my health and with the same breath begged me to help her button her dress. I accepted this somewhat trying ordeal, and with much difficulty I buttoned legions of buttons. I had never dreamed that this was included in a husband's duty, and at once realized that I had considerable to learn. After I had finished fastening the gown I seated myself in a chair near the window to cool myself, after my somewhat novel experience. I was sitting there as if in a trance when I was suddenly aroused by a kiss upon my lips. I jumped as if from a dream. It seemed as if I had taken a new lease upon life. It was Katherine. Ah! but what is a woman? What is a woman's kiss? The little witch, she has looked in the mirror a hundred times with self-satisfaction. She came toward me once more and kissed me again, informing me at the same time that she was ready for the ball. And so we went. I told her she was right, that we should go and that I was sorry for being so mean in not wanting to let her go, and so we left the house and made our way to the hall.

During the Ball.

The ball was a grand success. The general mixture, the pel-mel, which we call society, those affairs at which most every one is suffocated, at which we push and get pushed, at which one foot generally gets the worst of it; the gaiety, the glorious gowns of the ladies, the sparkling jewels, etc., etc. In fact, taking it all around, the ball was a grand success. We had hardly made our way into the salon when a crowd of young men ranging from the ages of 18 to 30 entered, and I noticed the majority of them were paying undue attention to Katherine. In fact at times I could scarcely see her she was so completely surrounded on every side.

The audacity of the young blood began to work upon my nerves. I could not reason why they should pay so much attention to her. I noticed one offer her flowers. In fact, it seemed that each and every one were trying to put themselves out in order to be of some service to her. She did not even look my way. I was utterly astonished at this sudden change. At times I decided to call her and leave the ball room, but upon second thought I decided for the sake of decency that I would refrain from causing any demonstration in the hall, but would wait until we got home. At last the music was heard and the dancers had their partners and were now whirling around upon the waxed floor of the hall. I was seated alone to one side, and, I must confess, with not the best thoughts in my mind, when suddenly I heard a familiar voice call my name. "No use to study, I know it's a hard dose, old man," and upon my turning around I found myself face to face with Mr. Currie, a man whom I had known since boyhood days. In fact, we were in the same class at school, and I at once saw that he had not lost that vile disposition that he had as a boy. He had always taken pleasure in making light and jesting at another's misfortune. I was not far wrong in my surmise, for he had barely been seated when he commenced a conversation that to an onlooker might appear friendly, but to me, who had known him since boyhood, I could plainly see the hypocritical friendship. "Well," he continued. "I see you are married. You would not take my advice and profit by my experience. Whatever you do don't let your wife——" And here he stopped. "I think," he said, "we had better change the topic as I can plainly see that it worries you. Let us watch the dance," he continued. "They say there is nothing more interesting than to watch other people dancing. Look at that pretty couple over there at the other end of the hall. They seem deeply in love with each other. I wonder who the girl is? Why, I beg your pardon; I did not notice it was your wife. She certainly does look attractive tonight. I wonder how your friend, Vassilac, feels dancing with her. I heard that they were

deeply in love with one another before she married, and judging from their present actions I don't think that their love has grown altogether cold." These last words had about tried my patience to its limit, so I rose from my seat, as I felt all that was wicked within me rise, and if I had remained longer to listen to Currie I knew I would forget that I was a gentleman. The sting of his every word was planted deeply within me, yet I could not get away from the fact that he was telling the truth. I looked here and there. It seemed as though all eyes were upon me. I thought I heard some pass unkind remarks about me, but after I had resumed my normal condition of mind I discovered that Currie and a few of his friends were in a group and felt almost certain that they were discussing me.

"My God," I exclaimed as I thought of the once beautiful girl, the modest, pure and innocent Katherine. When I think of those days and the present, and compare them, to think that she has now almost lost her power to blush. I could read upon the faces of those who were about her, the evil that was written upon their hearts. I was broken-hearted and in despair to think that my eyes should behold such a shameful scene. I could not erase from my mind the thought that Currie knew something and had withheld it from me.

The dancing had now stopped, and Katherine and her friend were the last to stop, and everyone there could plainly see that their actions while dancing and their present position plainly showed that the viper was doing his work. Leaving the ball room I entered the card room and seated myself upon a chair to reflect upon what I had witnessed. My usual luck followed me, however, for no sooner had I been seated than I saw Vassilac, yes, Vassilac, the man with a reputation that the Devil himself would be ashamed to own. He came toward me and invited me to play a game of cards, to which I consented, as I felt that I could beat him and that now was my time for revenge. The cards were dealt and as the game progressed I found myself losing, first five dollars, ten, twenty, a hundred, and before I

could realize it I found I had lost three hundred dollars. I rose from the table, trying all the time to conceal my displeasure, and upon entering the ball room the orchestra, I found, were tuning up ready for another dance. I looked around and saw Katherine anxiously looking for her friend, who, at the same time, was making his way through the crowd with his hand in his pocket, and as he walked I could plainly hear the jingle of money, and I knew it was part of my loss that I heard the clink of. I was now beginning to despise everybody in the room, when, all of a sudden, I came upon an old friend of mine, a Mrs. Morgan, a lady whom I had known before I was married, and one who had always been very glad to see me, and I thought that a few minutes' conversation with her might help to cool my brain, but I was utterly amazed at the coldness of the reception I received. The conversation dragged along for a few minutes when she immediately lurched into inquiries regarding my wife. She asked how we were getting along, and how I liked married life, and I noticed the expression upon her face clearly showed that she did not believe me when I told her that we were happy and perfectly contented. At this point a voice interrupted our conversation, and, turning around, I saw a red-haired, long-necked and none too pretty looking lady, who was addressing Mrs. Morgan as "mother." The thought at once flashed upon my mind. I remembered Mrs. Morgan had an old-maid daughter whom she had been trying to get rid of for some time, and like a flash I thought this must have been the cause of her previous kindness to me before I was married. After a few more minutes' conversation with her I excused myself and left her company, all the time congratulating myself upon the fact that I had not fallen into her trap when I was single. I found myself alone once more, and was thinking over and over in my own mind how cruel this world was and the hypocrisy therein. I wondered if I had one true friend in the world. I was beginning to feel very lonely, when I heard the strains of the music once more and suddenly arose, but ere I reached the ball room the

music had ceased, so I went in search of Katherine once more, and, to my surprise, I found that half the dancers had already left the hall and were going home. But Katherine, I saw, was still holding a *tete-a-tete* conversation with her friend, apparently with no thought of leaving yet. All of a sudden I felt as if I were losing control of myself. All the experiences of that awful night loomed up before my mind and surged through my blood. I was about to give way to my feelings and commit some awful deed, but instead I advanced toward her and angrily called her name, telling her to come to me. The stare in my face evidently startled her, because she arose immediately and I noticed as she advanced that she turned pale. "What is the matter, dear," she exclaimed, as she stopped in front of me, and as she spoke I thought if she could only read the innermost feelings of my heart she would not have asked the question. "I feel badly," I responded, "and we must now go home. I at once saw that she realized the desperate condition of my mind, for she stood there motionless, and her hands were trembling. She looked like a statue carved from marble. I stepped to the dressing room and secured her cloak and placed it upon her trembling shoulders, ready to depart, when again the orchestra started to play that detestable piece—that piece of music which Katherine had been dancing to all the evening—the piece they played when Currie had been pouring those vile insinuations into my ears. I secured my cane and was ready to depart, when Vassilac appeared at the edge of the gallery and addressing Katherine, exclaimed: "Why, Madam, of course you are not going to leave so soon." Katherine at this point turned toward me with a pleading look in her eyes. "Monsieur," exclaimed Vassilac, addressing me, "I could never believe it possible for you to be so cruel," and turning to my wife, asked her if she were going to miss the last chance to dance that evening. Ere I had time to collect my thoughts Katherine and Vassilac were speeding toward the ball room, while Vassilac removed the cloak from her shoulders that I had placed

there. I found myself once more alone and my mind was a blank. I was gazing out of a window listening to the wind roar and the rain patter against the sidewalk below, when I was aroused once more by the voice of Katherine. The dance had finished and she wanted to know if I had secured a carriage to take her home, and upon receiving my somewhat abrupt "no" she promptly informed me that her friend Vassilac had kindly consented to share his car with her, and they were sorry that it could only accommodate two people. "D—— the seats and the car," I murmured to myself and in another second both had vanished from my presence. I started home alone with a heavy heart and lowered head. The streets were gloomy and the rain was falling faster. I walked mechanically, as if in a dream, on and on, as if I were a somnambulist. I could not command my mind. My uncertain steps carried me once against a tree, and the apparent tightness of my socks and shoes caused by the rain having penetrated through to my bare feet, made me feel as if I were walking in lakes of water. Several times I found myself bumping against telegraph poles and lamp posts. Everything seemed dark. My mind had not awakened from the lethargy that it was in. My hands were stretched out in their effort to save me from additional collision. They worked and groped in the darkness of their own natural instinct. My brain was working in another direction. Its state was such that a message of the greatest importance could not have reached its cells. An extraordinarily strong flash of lightning flashed across the Heavens, and for the time being drove the total darkness away. It awakened me from my sleep and brought me once more to my senses. Another flash and I could plainly see in the distance three men standing together and as I looked I shuddered as I thought I recognized one of them. The news boys were calling "morning paper, morning paper—first edition." I looked at my watch and it was ten minutes past three in the morning. I ask-

ed myself how long had I been walking. I had not the least idea.

Upon careful observation I discovered that I was just three blocks away from my home. I was about to turn the corner that leads to my home, and had made up my mind to try and control myself, to try and forget as far as possible the events of the previous night, when suddenly came upon my ears the sound of someone whistling that confounded piece of music that I had heard so much at the dance that night. I felt as if that piece would follow me to the grave. The sound now became louder, and as the man passed me almost on the run he nearly knocked me into the street, his boot coming in contact with the leg of my pants, but on he went in his haste. I watched closely as he went by me and could plainly see it was Currie. When at last I arrived home I found Katherine seated in the parlor, and as soon as she caught sight of me said laughingly, "Why how dirty you look and covered with mud. I was beginning to get uneasy about you. You are so late in getting home." While she was thus addressing me I was removing my outer apparel, and after this I walked to my room without saying a word to her. The next morning when I arose I found her at the piano playing. "Let me tell you," she exclaimed, smilingly, "do you remember that piece of music the orchestra was playing at the dance last night? I think it so sweet. I know you would like to have me play it for you. I was watching her closely as she spoke, and her face bore the expression of extreme sensational agitation. In fact, I thought she would faint. Alas, I said to myself: "Currie's words at the dance were true. I ought to have taken his advice. She is still loving him." "No, don't play," welled in my throat, but my indignation was overshadowed by the tune of the piano, for after she was through talking she wheeled around upon the piano stool without waiting for an answer and started playing—the piece that the orchestra had played—the piece they played when she danced with Vassilac and the same that Currie was whistling when he passed me on the street—the piece that I thought was loathsome, which I despised.

While she was playing I thought I could trace tears trickling down her cheeks. "Stop that grinding," I growled, "It makes me sick, and I don't want to hear any more of it." She turned pale and looked at me with surprise and, without saying a word, went toward the window and seated herself upon the sofa there, where she could see all that went on outside. My eyes followed her every movement. A few minutes passed and I noticed her bow to someone and smile. "Who is that you greeted?" I asked. "No one," she stammered.

I hastened to the window and, looking out through the glass I saw VASSILAC—VASSILAC.

A LITTLE GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

"He who allows his tongue to speak before his mind has no wisdom."

"He who gives promptly what he promises, gives twice."

"He who does not claim to know anything is wise."

"He who has less right, shouts the most."

"He who is not good for himself is not good for others."

"He who gives you advice when you need help is not a true friend."

"He who is friendless is a lifeless object."

"He who knows himself is a philosopher."

THE SECRET OF THE MOON.

When I throw my memory
 In my past to search.
When I think what best I've loved
 Position to reach.
When I think of happiness,
 When I was a youth.
All in one appear to be,
 As balsam that doesn't sooth!
 Yet, in my heart's beating
 I hear repeating
 Smacks of kisses!

When I gaze at the moon
 I find it the same.
The same that I used to know,
 When I was of fame.
When I think of Politics,
 When I think of Lecture
The time represents a whole
 Quantity of mixture!
 Yet, in my heart's beating
 I hear repeating
 Smacks of kisses!

When I think of my love
 And past sweetheart bliss,
I find all, as it has been,
 Yes, very distinct is!
This is the song of my heart,
 The secret of the moon,
That with feeling so sweet
 She sings to me the tune.
 Between her beating
 Kisses repeating.

THE RED CROSS

The Balkan States have been at war too often to grant us sufficient belief of considering their present war as a sign of final settlement. Yet, we do not hesitate to say that this thrilling difficulty will pass in as much haste as it began, only to reboil under the cover of pretended peace and to resume its course at some future period more earnestly and energetically.

We do not ignore the fact that the Turks are fierce fighters and far superior financially and powerfully to the Balkan States. Knowing this fact, the Balkans have always arisen of a sudden and prepared in silence lest their actions should be known and equal preparations and military plans should be made by their opponent. The Turk soldier resembles the wild beast at war. A command of their religion (which, nevertheless, has been amended by International laws and fear of the Powers) commands that "for one to gain admittance into Paradise, he must have killed at least five unfaithfuls (Jiaours). This encouragement intoxicates the ignorant Turk at war.

The mythologically unbelievable advance of the Bulgarians will have as a result a needed armistice, in order to avoid similar error, which caused the downfall of Napoleon. This armistice on the other hand will have another fatal result and that is of giving ample time to the Turks to do what the Balkans were trying to prevent them from doing—to prepare for a final standing and to bring more troops from Asia. Unless the Powers should take a hand in the Balkan situation, the Balkans alone cannot overcome the once strengthened Turk and peace will be proposed and accepted by the exhausted Bul-

garians. Unfortunately, the whole of Europe is in a restless condition, owing to private demands and selfishness, and what will follow next is an uncertainty. The one certain thing to which all philanthropists must turn part of their attention is to be merciful to humanity and especially to those who happened to be the chips of the fearful war-game. Let us all become good Samaritans. Numerous philanthropic institutions have been established for the betterment and education of the people—some by the good-hearted common people incognito, some by philanthropic millionaires, whose names the gratuitous establishments are proudly bearing, and some that are covered by a great sign instead of name—the sign that Moses displayed against the poisonous serpents, the sign that Constantine the Great saw drawn between the clouds and by which he won the greatest empire of the world and accepted Christianity; the sign by which humanity was saved—the sign of THE CROSS.



THE BLACK HAIR.

A Comical Dialogue by a Stage Satirean.

The clock in the tower of the Laurens County courthouse would have struck the twelfth hour had it not been out of order. The moon would have shone had it not been for the fact that the dark clouds hid its light from the streets. The street lights would have been lit had not the weather man predicted fair weather, and the mayor had not ordered the electricity to be turned on that night. So cemetery silence and thick darkness would have been prevailing throughout the little city of Dublin had not the monotonous footsteps of a mysterious stranger disturbed the normal silence and his cigar the—darkness.

This suspicious looking stranger, clad in black, as black was surrounding him like chaos, was noticed exiting from a house of a still darker appearance, owing to the fact that the only faint light which was piercing its rays through the glass windows into the darkness was cut off after the departure of the doubtless guest.

Once at the pavement this mysterious stranger seemed to employ great effort to discover the hour that his watch indicated. Again and again he tried, but in vain. He looked around him as though in search of some light by which he could enable his eyes to discover the hour, but there was none in sight, yet he did not abandon the idea; he insisted upon looking at his watch as though the knowledge of the time was inevitable and assisted by a new thought he puffed at his cigar vigorously. But, oh, what a dreadful sight! There by the side of his body, a shadow appeared, a mysterious outline was standing as though it wished to know the hour also. The stranger proceeded and the shadow vanished out of sight. Was it a ghost? Unfortunately for the ob-

server—if any—the shadow was visible only at every puffing of the stranger's cigar. Crossing Bellevue Avenue the mysterious stranger directed his noisy footsteps toward the residence part of the city, waking the silence as he passed. Finally he stops in front of a fairly good looking house and knocks nervously at the door and upon that being opened he disappears through the hall. He had been there but a few minutes when cries indicating distress were heard. Who can this mysterious party be, and which the house therein? Can it be a policeman? Impossible at this hour of the night. Can it be a thief or some villain followed by the shadow of his criminal career?

It is not necessary for me to keep you in doubt any longer. The subject is too scary, therefore, I'll explain. The mysterious stranger was myself, the mysterious shadow was my shadow. You know me and therefore I do not find it necessary to describe myself further. The house that I left was the home of one of my school-day sweethearts, whom I have been visiting. The house that I entered was my own home, the cries were from the tongue of my wife, the daughter of my mother-in-law. As soon as the door had been opened by the servant I walked through the hall, thence to the library, thinking that if my wife saw me entering the bed room from the library door she would possibly think that I had been reading or writing and little would be guessed or thought of my absence. When I entered the library door, however, I found myself face to face with the daughter of my father-in-law—my cruel wife, bless her soul! On the table I noticed with terror an Indian cane, which had previously damaged my head and nearly broken my back. It had been carried to the shop for repairs several times. Mustering all the courage I could I greeted her with my usual "Good evening, sweetheart." "You mean to say good morning," she replied abruptly. "Where have you been till this hour of night?" she added, rising from her seat and coming nearer, examining me with her fearful eyes from head to foot as though she was expecting an answer from my coat instead of my

mouth. I stammered something about the extra work that I had to do in my office, at the same time dodging my head in anticipation of a wallop. "Of- fi- ce," I said as I saw her raise her hand toward my head, but she did not slap me. She had no intention of slapping me. She was examining some article located on my shoulder. I was so nervous that I thought my shoulder was on fire. I tried to see my cross-examined part to discover the object of her inspection, but I saw nothing. Finally she picked something from my shoulder and raised it triumphantly in the air. What do you think it was? A black hair. Yes, she was holding it by the end, and while it dangled parallel with her body it looked like a rattle snake of endless dimensions. I was so excited I tried to explain that it was one of her own hairs, but luck was against me, because my wife's hair was light, and the one which she held was as black as the ace of spades. The cane she held in readiness to give me a lesson in future to visit sweethearts who had the same color of hair that she had.

The clock of the AMUSU THEATRE was striking three and I had already received four applications from the Indian cane.

Oh, you husbands! Rough and civilized, good-looking and ugly ones, faithful and deceivers, blind and seeing, I hate you (not)!

Oh, women! Good and bad, beautiful and hideous, sincere and untrue, light and dark, I despise you! I despise you from the bottom of my heart. I wish that I was a Nero to make you suffer, a Sultan or an Indian Prince, so I could kill you or burn you alive. I wish that I was a—— I don't remember what. Cruel as you are I love you.

When Greek Meets Greek.

Greek Waiter: "Chef, do you know what it takes to fry Turkey?"

Greek Cook: "Greece and strong Bulgarian fire. Serve with mountain greens."

INSTEAD OF REFRESHMENTS.

Correct, Sit Down.

School Teacher: "Willie, which is the longest day in the year?"

Willie: "The day that I was kept in."

Let Him Go.

Judge: "Put the prisoner under five hundred dollar bond, Sheriff."

Sheriff: "Judge, I think you had better make it five dollars, so he'll skip and we'll get rid of him."

Trust to Your Luck.

Turkey: "Janum Afenti the Bulgarians ruined me; give me some advice."

Powers: "Sorry, but we have none to spare."

He Is the Guy.

The W. & T. Limited, while at full speed, killed a mule. The engineer, fearing damage, stops the train and while examining discovers an Ethiopian under the engine.

Engineer: "Who are you, there?"

Negro: "Boss, I am the man that was riding the mule that the engine killed."

School Pupil: "James, your mama's ma, your papa's mother-in-law and your grand-ma, how many persons make?"

James: "Three."

First News Boy: "Oh, cut that hollering out."

Second News Boy: "Loan me your saw."

Uncle Rufus and His Daughter Della.

OR

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

At the opening scene of this comedy drama, we find Uncle Rufus in the City of New York and upon the street. He begins relating his troubles to the reader as though he had but a few moments ago arrived in the metropolis, yet his appearance does not confirm this to be a fact. His shoes are silent witnesses to how long he has been walking, not only in the streets, for the streets of New York could not have the mud and material to apply to this innocent man's shoes, but anywhere that his uncertain steps carried him, including the suburbs. What else could he do? Fifty summers, which he carried upon his shoulders, had been spent in the little village of Unadella. He did not know any one in New York before now and he did not care about knowing any one. Nevertheless he came to New York in search of some one, and, though the being that he was seeking was dear to him, his sufferings have been so disgusting that he regretted more than once the moment that he made the decision to depart from home.

CHAPTER I—ACT I.

Musical.

UNCLE RUFUS: So here I am in New York City,
To look from house to house for Della,
And if I find her I won't have pity,
I'll fetch her back to Unadella.

She was sick one day upon the mattress,
I don't believe she was—she just won't work.

She told me, "Pa, I'm going to be an actress,
I can't stay here, I'll go to New York."

And so one day we lost our Della,
The day was Friday, sundown late,
We look'd up and down all over Unadella,
But she couldn't be found even in the state.

This is a story that I hate to relate,
Della, Della, where is your fate?

That was five years ago,
From the shock the town was getting better,
When a city guy hollers hello!
Your daughter says here's a letter.

The day was Friday I was curing Pork,
That was after the Georgia "peach,"
The letter said that she was in New York,
A leading lady and very rich.

A leading lady to me was a mutt,
As much as she would have said my pipe,
Friday and Friday are double tough luck,
As tough was my oxen's tripe.

"I tell you pa, what's the fact,
I'm going to New York to act."

The crop was good and cotton was paying,
Ma was picking with some help at work,
I show'd her the letter and she show'd me the train,
To take at once and go to New York.

I listened to her I don't know how,
I put on my boots and packed my trunk,
I told Mr. Johnson to attend to the plow,
And Jash the tiger got me drunk.

Some clothes I bought from Williams' store,
I was drinking a little, couldn't hardly walk,
My trunk and to the depot next I tore,
And here I am right in New York.

Coming out from Williams' store,
I promised myself to drink no more.

When or where or how I have come,
Do me the favor, and don't ask me at all,
I have suffered, brother, for long, so long,
That I am ready and about to fall.

The convicts that they put in old Sing-Sing,
Have never suffered as I did.
For three nights I haven't slept a wink,
I drank a little but I didn't eat.

I thought New York was large as Unadella,
Or hundred times larger about,
In searching around for my Della,
I find no limit, nowhere to get out.

And Friday is different in old New York,
The country man had to cure his pork.

I walked I reckon a thousand miles,
Accepting many a hobo's licks,
My feet need water, my corns need files,
They are hard as are my golden bricks.

My troubles now have one more page,
Down to some opera I'm going to see.
They tell me Della's working on the stage,
And then for DIXIE, that's all for me.

(Departs).

Immediately after the departure of Uncle Rufus from the street the wind starts blowing and great clouds of dust and smoke are sweeping with fury boxes, papers and other light articles. Between these flying articles

is a hat, which Uncle Rufus is pursuing to rescue. It was his hat, which was taken away from his head by the sudden gust of the wind. He returns to his previous position breathing fast, dusty and with his umbrella broken and inside out.

Oh help, it flies with trash,
There goes my hat,
Terrible, by gosh,
Is this city draft.

(At a turn of the wind currents the hat drops close by, Uncle Rufus runs after it and steps on same unintentionally, then he stoops and picks it up).

Look, by jemminy, look!
Flat hat like pie,
Umbrella in two, (He examines it).
And that is no lie.

(Mournfully).
Hold me, I am falling,
I am going to faint,
My head is rolling,
And nothing is plain.

(After brushing his coat off).
What awful wind,
And what a dust,
It came with a bing
And I got lost.

It pushed me like a goat,
To walls and ditches,
Look-a-here my coat,
Look-a-here my breeches!

I had better trot
And find my Della,

“Adieu” hat,
Good bye, umbrella.

And soon I'll be gone,
Back to Unadella,
If I've got to go alone,
Without my Della.

(The weather gets cloudy, a few drops of rain
fall).

It's raining, I'd better flee,
Lightning, thunders and what all,
My shape now is like a T.
And, besides, I caught a cold.
Amptchum-m.

Oh, it rains, sure, I see,
Good gracious alive,
The streets look like a big ol' sea,
And I make a dive.
Blum—Blum.

Good heavens to the letter,
Ah, the weather at last,
Is getting a little better,
The rain has passed.

All have chang'd with a so—long.
Except me who will remain,
Why, of course, like a hog.
That in the mud back home is living.

Far away from New York
Good bye Broadway,
I am going to work,
From you to keep away.
(He departs).

CHAPTER II.

(We are now at the dressing room of a certain opera house. A number of girls are engaged in dressing, massaging their faces, and otherwise preparing for the performance).

(Uncle Rufus enters).
Hello gals, how's you all?
Hope your folks well the' are.
My Della, I am told,
Lives in here. Some call her Star.

My name's Rufus Brown,
But excuse me are you naked?
I'm from a Georgia town,
And I'm tired, I feel I'm baked.

Fellow by the name of Beavens,
Says about Star is fool,
'Reckon he mean'd the stars of heaven,
'Cause he said of honey moon.

Tell me, girlyes, please, I beg,
Is my Della here, the Star?

GIRLS: Pshaw, our mistress' pretty leg,
Sticks you guys like tar.

UNCLE RUFUS: When she was only but a bit,
Girl was daughter of mine.

GIRLS: So you're looking for a tip,
This is not Georgia pine.

UNCLE RUFUS: Tell me then, if you will,
I'm not a fool, I ain't lieing.

GIRLS: Give each a ten dollar bill,
Or some jewels hand behind.

CLE RUFUS: Tell me or else I'm going to tell,
Something that would hurt your feelings.

LS: If you'll tell you'll be in hell,
We'll spank your durn reelings.

CLE RUFUS: I'll tell it by gosh,

LS: Tell it, tell it, old grandpa.

CLE RUFUS: Every one of you is trash.

LS: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

CLE RUFUS: I'll tell it, I'll tell it,

Here it goes like a popper.

Tell it, but you have to beat it,

Back to your Georgia cracker!

CLE RUFUS: Here it is on my lips.

LS: Tell it, tell it, old grandpa.

CLE RUFUS: You are nothing but dead-beats.

LS: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Della enters at this instant, dressed in a magnificent
s and speaks to the girls.

LA: A merry laughter, girls, is rather——

CLE RUFUS: My child, my Della!

LA: Father, father!

CLE RUFUS: Yes, your pa, from Unadella.

Uncle Rufus and Della are embraced. The girls look
e scene in wonder. (The curtain drops).

CHAPTER III.

We are now in a parlor at the apartments of Della.
room is richly furnished. In one of the chairs
ghtfully sits Della, resting her head upon her palm,
er elbow against the arm of the chair.

A, (Alone): I must tell him, indeed,
ough I love him dear,

No matter how mad he'll get,
This is another year.

The years that he used to know,
His Della on a bench,
Are years of very long ago,
Now the times have changed.

He'll spoil my only hope,
He'll throw only hot air,
And so I will never elope,
With my millionaire.

A great actress like me,
Having friends by the pile,
Her father also must be,
A man of the style.

I'll send him to his ranch,
r'or the sake of my fame,
He can't speak a bit of French,
What a shame, what a shame.

My beaux must never know,
My Harry Mr. Parker,
That his future father-in-law
Is a country cracker.

He must, must pay this bill,
Because the time is pending,
He must go to his field,
Before the wedding.

A great actress like me,
Having friends by the pile,
Her parents also must be,
In up-to-date style!

Uncle Rufus enters the parlor holding a colored handkerchief and he wipes his face with it while he is seated on the piano stool, saying:

UNCLE RUFUS: And so child, we harvest'd some rye,
Cotton is good and plenty the meat,
Your mama though liked but little to die,
But she's living and you she waits to meet.

DELLA: To meet me, Pa? I should say never!

UNCLE RUFUS: Don't say a word, don't don't say a word!

DELLA: I am here in New York to stay forever.

UNCLE RUFUS: Stay and kill her then, pray, oh Lord.

Lord, my Lord, to you I pray,
You know what I suffered in Unadella.
And now like a dog here I lay,
Punish, Lord, my child not, but Della.

DELLA: Father be calm and I am loving,
All my family's relation list,
Do me the favor, the Duke is coming,
Don't say a word, for a while, at least.

Col. Hazlarburst, L. L. D., enters, dressed in military uniform. He offers a bunch of roses to Della, saying:

HAZLABURST: "Bonzour-parol" your ladyship,

DELLA: Oh, many thanks, my dear heart.

UNCLE RUFUS: What is that about the ship?

HAZLABURST: What country-man is that?

UNCLE RUFUS: I'm Della's pa, who are you, Bill?

DELLA: "What?—Oh, yes, (Aside) Shut up that mouth.

HAZLABURST: Oh, Monsieur Bonzour, how do you feel?

UNCLE RUFUS: Tolerable well, I am from the south.

DELLA: Colonel, I have sent for you,
To come on invitation,

With love I wish to thank you,
For your noble protection.

HAZLARBURST: "I am ready your orders
To the letter to fill,
If you'll command me even murders
To commit, I'll kill.

Believe me, Miss Delaniaire.
DELLA: I believe you, you are true,
HAZLARBURST: My sword, "Mon cher,"
Is sharp and passes through.

I'll kill any brute,
That would be so mean,
To glance even at your boot.
UNCLE RUFUS: Don't, don't, it's a sin.

HAZLARBURST: Your eye's my herald,
Wink it and I fall.
UNCLE RUFUS: I swear that there feller,
I don't like at all.

HAZLARBURST: On your knees my "Petite" dove,
DELLA: I thank you again,
HAZLARBURST: If you'll only call me love
Take my heart and hand!
Now then, about that date,

DELLA: Tonight, my dear at eight,
And if I happen to be late,
Do not fail to wait.

HAZLARBURST: Without a question, but now good bye
My heart shakes like a leaf,
DELLA: Till eight, Colonel, good bye, good bye!
UNCLE RUFUS: You all come, Coroner—good day, chief
(Hazlarburst departs).

UNCLE RUFUS: Now, child, tell me, please,
This question on my tongue I carried,
Since I saw that Chief of P'lice,
Is he your husband? Are you married?

DELLA: Why, father, what are you talking?
The man that you saw is a great Duke,
It's very true that I am hoping,
To call him husband of my hook.

UNCLE RUFUS: Add Dukes and Hooks and you'll have
crooks,
And hash and trash and foolish tricks,
Look here, your Coroners and Dukes,
Look, they sold me for gold—bricks.

Look-a-here, Della Brown,
Leave those Dukes and Hooks alone,
Pack your clothes and let's go down,
Hurry, get ready, let us be gone.

DELLA: There is the door and if you wish be gone,
Or I'll call my valet Lacket,
To make you so you'll leave me alone;
I order here, and not your racket.
(Della Exits wrathfully).

UNCLE RUFUS: By jemminy, you'd better be gone.
Dog-gone you, run me way,
I say! do we raise children for fun,
Or is a debt that we all have to pay?

He looks absent minded toward the direction that
Della exited. In the meantime Mr. Harry Parker enters,
and he looks around the room as though he is in search
of some one.

HARRY: Oh, Delaniaire is not here.
(Addressing Uncle Rufus).
Monsieur; Les belles-la-belle?

(Aside) Country no French. (Aloud) I say, do you hear?

UNCLE RUFUS: Oh, go to hell.

HARRY: "Diable pist," sir, for the love
Of my honor, I'll make you fuel
My witness I'll send and here's my glove
I throw at your feet for a duel.

UNCLE RUFUS: Thank you, sir, for you I'll lift,
My hand to take an oath,
That sure would make a nice gift,
Were you to give me both.

But better keep; it's too much bother,
HARRY: Sacre—I say duel, fight with sword!

UNCLE RUFUS: Let me see, oh, to fight with each other?
I? No, no, no—not me like a lord.

But remember, Yankee, I've got a heart,
And with this old knife in my pocket,
I'll work on you and do my part,
I know who you are—your name is Lacket.

I can kill you and her as I'll kill two snakes,
My honor to save and my name,
Which in this city of Hell she takes,
And spots it with spots of shame!

HARRY: Hold on, I sympathize and pardon the dodge,
Your face is honest, I wish to be plain,
And I ask you in English and not in French,
Are you unhappy? Have you to complain?

UNCLE RUFUS: I can't speak; my heart is heavy as
lead,

Had a daughter here; oh, it's terrible. . .

HARRY: Poor man, I guess she is dead.

UNCLE RUFUS: I've been happy once, but now I'm
miserable!

HARRY: Oh, the day of happiness ought to forever
Stay with us and leave us, never!
To keep the day of sorrow out,
For cries and sighs and such to look out.

Our dreams and hopes of happy imagination!
The day of grief changes with sensation!
And he who is loved and love is returning,
Wakes alone, think alone in the morning.

UNCLE RUFUS: In the morning not, but evening of my
life,
As sorry, as friendless the name to call,
Of the man that will call her "my wife,"
Or rather to suffer as I have, that's all.

HARRY: Courage, old friend; we can't help if she's dead.

UNCLE RUFUS: The tiger is living in a human's lair,
To lay she ought to, in the death's bed!

HARRY: "Oh, horror! horror! can it be Delaniaire?"

Della enters and seeing Uncle Rufus still in the parlor, she says:

DELLA: Oh, you are still here; I thought you were gone.
(Advancing toward Uncle Rufus she observes Harry for the first time).

What! Harry here in the parlor alone?

UNCLE RUFUS (Departing): I've been here, but now—so long!

HARRY: Miserable girl! I know you no more—so long!
(Harry, assisting Uncle Rufus, departs).

At this sudden change of Fate, Della, seeing the man that she admires depart, fearing that she was to be separated from him forever, she stood at her position for several moments motionless. Her theatrical experience could not prevent the embarrassment. Her professional elements were at war with the tenderness of parentage and with that pure, natural, divine feeling

which we call love. The mistreatment was absurd and yet something within her was telling her continually that he acted gentlemanly-like. She despised him and yet she idolized him. She felt the love for that only man whom the pretense of her profession was never placed as a mask, gain more and more ground within her. Excited beyond description she was gazing toward the door through which father and lover made their exit. Finally, as though she was awakened from the lethargy by an awful determination, she rushed toward the door like a maniac, exclaiming:

Oh, help! Harry, my love, loafer!
Coward, wretch, villian, or rather,
Angel, I love you and I suffer.
Has the curse begun of my father?

(Regretfully).
Oh, Lord, pardon my sin,
My father I have run down, down.
Oh, miserable me, yes, sinner I have been,
Father, dear, my name's Della Brown.

Exhausted, she falls upon a nearby chair, thinking.
In the meantime a messenger enters.

MESSENGER: A message I brought, quick as the air,
The manager told me to come,
Please sign your name, Miss Delaniaire,
Thanks for the tip—better than none.

And thus saying, the messenger departs, while Della exclaims after she reads the message aside:

DELLA: A cruel misfortune will follow another,
The theatre will close for a year's regulations.
Oh, have mercy, spirit of my mother,
Deserted, and my money all in speculations!

Her last words were hardly uttered, when another messenger entered, saying:

MESSENGER: A message, please, from the exchange,
(And so saying delivers the message to Della and exits). Della reads:

We regret to announce, Miss Delaniaire,
Your stocks fell to pieces, though it's strange,
Tremble as we do, your millionaire!

(With a sarcastic laughter).

Oh, you crazy fools, all at the exchange,
Tremble my Harry, but take my release,
With father I'm going back to my ranch,
With my poisonous stocks, do what you please.

And our genuine Della, with visible determination to divert from the self-made professional Delaniaire, does not even attempt to comb her hair, but hurriedly she opens the door and disappears through the crowded streets.

CHAPTER IV.

We carry the reader now to the office of Mr. Harry Parker, the young man who commands millions. The room is luxuriously furnished. We find Mr. Parker at his desk hanging the receiver of his telephone. His face indicates sorrow accompanied with anger, doubtless caused by the telephone conversation that he had. At one of the corners of the room and on the opposite side of Mr. Parker, Uncle Rufus is seated, bearing on his face equally heated features. Besides Mr. Parker and Uncle Rufus a number of servants can be seen in the rear, several of them standing erect like statues and indifferently waiting their master's order or dismissal, and others comfortably seated with musical instruments in their hands. I can't keep from mentioning in passing, that Mr. Parker is nick-named by his friends as "The American Sultan."

HARRY: I ordered the manager to shut down the place,
Providence dictates me, or something unknown.
The exchange curses me, has lost its pace,
And even myself, I am out of my own.

(He sings).
My Delaniaire, my pretty girl,
My love, you give me pain,
You've set my heart on fire—real,
And cruel is the flame.

CHORUS.

Oh, my Della,
I'm all alone and lonesome,
I'll be happy,
To die on your bosom.

Like a dry leaf I'm faded,
Believe me, my Delaniaire,
And by the wind I'm carried,
Here, there and everywhere.

CHORUS.

Oh, my Della,
Without you I'm lonesome,
I'll be happy,
To die on your bosom.

UNCLE RUFUS: Now, my friend, I leave you, though I
hate—

HARRY: A few more moments and then you'll fret,
My plan's the result to see; wait,
I know Della's heart and she'll regret.

Mr. Parker predicted the truth, and to the surprise,
as well as to the joy, of Uncle Rufus, Della entered at
that moment. She was not dressed as Delaniaire was at
the stage of the opera, but as Della was dressed once,

way down south in the little village of Unadella. She advanced toward the direction that her father was seated and with mixed anxiety, regret and love, with tearful eyes, the prodical daughter knelt in front of the object that she was the outcast of. For the first time she realized the power of a parent's curse.

DELLA: Father! father! at your feet,
Ungrateful daughter, oh me, oh me!
Have mercy, father and pardon or bid,
Your daughter to die and pay the fee!

UNCLE RUFUS: My child to die, what did you say?
Come to my arms and take my love,
Forgiveness is granted, your fate I pay,
And pardon I hope you'll get from the Lord.

And the kind Lord, to show that He has also forgiven Della, He again dictates something to our noble friend Harry, who thought considerably of the Lord since he met the pure hearted Uncle Rufus. He again hung the receiver of his telephone, feeling satisfied that he fulfilled the wish of his Master.

DELLA: Let these tears, father, wash my doom,
To wet the high surface of Heaven,
Let us fly and go home, "sweet home,"
And by our Lord I hope to be forgiven.

And tears were really rolling upon her beautiful cheeks like crystals. Della begged our Lord to forgive her and she was certain that her sincere plea could not be overlooked by the kind and glorious Father in Heaven. "Knock and it shall be opened unto thee." She knocked, and the door was opened to her. Direct evidence of this fact a messenger brought, who entered at that moment and delivered a message to Della. She unsealed the message and read it aloud.

DELLA: Congratulations warm and lots,
Feverish excitement all over the palace.
Your stock now is worth twice as much,
That is, five hundred thousand dollars!

And while Harry was watching with silent tenderness the surprised Uncle Rufus and "the only girl" that his heart was seeking to avoid loneliness, another messenger entered. One might have thought that the new message was sent by Satan as a bribe to take back his victim, yet it was not. The messenger delivered the entrusted manuscript to Della, who in like manner reads:

DELLA, (Reading): Your pardon I beg, Miss Delaniaire,
A mistake by me somehow has been made,
Ten thousand dollars we raise you per
Week, in advance to be paid!

Be it or not a Satanic message, Della tore it to pieces, exclaiming:

Ten thousand pieces I'll make of you,
Father, let's go to our Dixie land,
Dad, let us go, the time is due,
DIXIE play, oh golden band!

And the band, which was composing a part of the household service of our millionaire friend, started with a tap of the drum, which, however, was not seconded, because Harry arose suddenly and interrupted.

HARRY: Just a moment, please, professor,
A moment of quite and mysterious task.
I have been a lover, but now a confessor
I am, and Della, for your hand I ask.

DELLA: Oh, Harry, Harry, I love you not,
But, oh, I worship you instead.

The lovers are embraced, while Uncle Rufus raises his eyes to Heaven and thanks the Lord.

UNCLE RUFUS: Lord, I thank thee; now I'll take my lot.

UNCLE RUFUS, DELLA AND HARRY: And now, let our way to DIXIE lead.

All depart in military march, the band playing Dixie.

AT YOUR MERCY.

Dearest, have you seen the kitty,
When she's but a little bitty,
How she plays with the rag,
That she finds in your sewing bag?

Have you seen how she grabs it,
How she bites it, how she drags it,
Sometimes playing a sleeping pause,
To jump and seize it with her paws?

She is so little and only able,
To carry the rag under the table,
And back again with all her might,
She plays thus, from morn' 'till night.

Although I hate to call you a cat,
You certainly play that very part.
You are the cat and I am the rag,
And both of us your sewing bag.

At your mercy, cruel, cruel sweetheart,
Play, play with my heart.
Until lifeless you'll lay it.
It's really yours—slay it.

FEZ VS. DERBY

Demetri felt within himself his childhood and school days when he descended from the steamer, Patris. He was stepping once more upon the soil which had felt his tender footsteps when barefooted on his way to school he wondered at the great steamers which were entering the harbor. He looked earnestly toward the school house, which was partly visible and remembrances of his only happy and sweet past came into his mind immensely.

"My beloved topics," he murmured, looking eagerly around him from the large stone, which was still in the corner of the street, to the old custom house with its stones marked with age. All appeared smiling at him. All the surroundings were extending welcome to Demetri. Even the great clock of the square, which at that moment struck ten, seemed to participate with the greetings of the corner wall, on which Demetri was drawing with his pencil a "rooster" in his school years gone by.

"How natural," he again murmured, listening to the dying echo of the clock's last strike. "I feel as though it was yesterday when I heard that clock ring for the last time."

He looked at the spot at which his father was standing when he kissed him for the last time and a tear rolled down his cheek. "Poor father!" he again murmured with a sigh, twisting his memory from one subject to the other. The thought that his father was dead pierced the poor boy's heart of a sudden and his smiling expression changed to mournfulness. His eyes did not satisfy the complaint of his heart with a single tear and an array of them were rolling, directly following one another until his face was wet and stained. When he realized this fact he pulled his satin handkerchief from his pocket and looked around him as though he was ashamed of acting womanly like. He then grabbed his suit case by one hand and a small bundle by the other and hurried out of sight, leaving behind him a small

crowd of newsboys and wondering passersby, who were gathered there, attracted by the extraordinary pose of the Patri's passenger.

Demetri is a young man of twenty-five years of age. He was really too young a man when he left his mother land, Salonica, and started out into the world in search of fortune. His father, however, told him after he had sold part of their farm in order to secure a ticket for his son to America: "Take my blessing, my son, and go. It hurts me more to see you go than it does you." And the tongue of the heart-broken parent tightened with emotion, but he regained self-control and continued: "Go, my boy, and the Lord be with you. Think and pray for us wherever you may be. Life here is an uncertainty. That's why I insist upon your going to America, where you will receive protection and shelter, until this land of ours is safe."

"If that is the reason, father," said Demetri, "it would be cowardly for me to go and leave you and my sick mother at the mercy of the ill fate which you say is existing in our country's conditions.

"Oh no, my boy," his father protested, smiling tenderly, "you are acting brave when you listen to my advice. Your obedience to me is sufficient. Do not worry about me and your mother. We both have seen our better days and little will be lost when we leave this world. When our time comes," he added at the sudden start of Demetri.

This conversation was taking place a few moments before Demetri embarked upon the great steamer for America. While in America five years afterwards he received a letter announcing the sad news of the assassination of his father by some mysterious unknown, a method not at all too strange for the destroyers of Christians in that part of the country. He remembered then his parent's last words and cried bitterly. He arranged his affairs as best as he possibly could and 2 months later he embarked upon the Patri in New York to go and take care of his broken-hearted mother. Within 20 days from her departure the Patri was lying anchored in the har-

bor of Salonica and an hour later Demetri was standing at the spot at which we have met him, wondering sensationally at the sights of his once dear "home town."

CHAPTER II.

It was a really beautiful day, that of April —19—. The sunset, which was taking place at that moment, appeared exceptionally magnificent upon the pavement surrounding the harbor and immediately in front of the Square of Saloniki. The king of the day, departing for his kingdom, appeared as though he was sinking to the bottom of the sea in the far horizon, or rather appeared as though he was about to be drowned and extended his rays horizontally as the supposed hands of some one calling for help.

The great waters of the gulf also appeared as though they were in strict attention and bade farewell to their king. Not a wave moved—even the smallest one ceased playing and twisting to accept the last ray of its father, and, like a mirror, to reflect it to the top of the shady trees in and around the beautiful square. Wonderful scenery! The setting sun created a golden trail upon the crystal waters that bespoke the hand of the Creator. And while the sun was thus shining upon the top of the trees, the surface of the square and under the shade of these trees another sight was sufficient to attract the attention of a poetical observer.

Legions of tables placed carefully in rows were the first sight and mostly worth observation. To an American not knowing the habits of the inhabitants of the near east, this would have appeared as an extraordinary thing, but to one who has visited any of the eastern European cities it would have appeared very natural, and, again, to one who had lived in that part of the country any reasonable period, the absence of this sight would have created a wondering question in his mind. It is the style everywhere. A crowd of men, drinking, eating, smoking and discussing, were occupying most of the tables. The waiters of the cafes and taverns were hastily

passing to and fro with orders from their patrons.

Two men, one of whom was dressed in European clothes of the latest style, and one in peasant's traditional garments, appeared proceeding towards one of the tables, the seats of which they occupied. The aforesaid was Demetri and the latter Petro, Demetri's cousin. On the opposite side of the table at which the cousins were seated were also seated a number of soldiers of the garrison, who were acting as policemen. At a comment from one of these soldiers, who appeared to be the others' lieutenant, a general laughter roared from the throats of all and murmurs of criticism followed with glances toward Demetri and his cousin. Finally one of them arose suddenly and walked in front of the two men, exclaiming:

Say, you Jiaour,** he demanded, addressing Demetri, who was resting his head upon his palm melancholically, "where do you think you are at anyway?"

Demetri was amazed. He took his gaze from the atmosphere at which he was looking thoughtfully and looked at the man before him silently.

"I say, I am talking to you. What place do you think this is, that you wear such a hat as that?" and taking furiously the derby of Demetri he threw it on the ground with force.

Demetri, as though he was awakened from a dream, rose slightly from his seat ready to protect himself.

"You dog," the enraged beast continued, "This is Turkey and not Dog's Land, and if you want to keep your head on your shoulders, cover it with fez and not with that devil's head."

Scoundrel, you," said Demetri, "Give me back my hat. I am not bothering you."

"Here, take it," said the Mohammedan, striking Demetri in the face with his fist. "And if that isn't enough I'll give you some more," he added, looking triumphantly toward his friends, who were laughing sar-

*Jiaour in Turkish language means unfaithful.

castically.

At this last insult of the Ottoman, Demetri could not control himself any longer. He grabbed a glass half full of wine that the waiter had placed before him and with great force he threw it at the head of his opponent, exclaiming:

"No, that isn't enough, but it's really too much and I'm giving you some of it back."

"Jiaour dog, you have killed me," the Turk exclaimed and quick as lightning he pulled his gun out and shot twice at Demetri.

A piercing cry was heard from the lips of the murdered Demetri and at the mournful appeals of Petro he gave no reply. He was dead. The bullet had passed through his heart.

At the sight of his cousin's cruel death Petro was dumbfounded. When he recovered he rushed like a maniac toward the escaping slayer, but he could not overtake him. He disappeared through the falling darkness. Not knowing what best steps to take next he hastened to the police station. He related the crime to the authorities, pleading for medical aid, having an unexisting hope of saving Demetri, whom he knew was dead. In response to his eager plea Petro received a beating from a strong lash and placed in the jail as the supposed murderer.

NOT FOR RENT

When Mr. George Andrews read all the important news on the front page of the Journal, he turned to the "Want" advertisements and in haste read the column of "For Rent" property. He read: "For rent, Store," "For rent, basement," "For rent, from the first of September, residence, located on Marietta street, surrounded by a fine garden," etc., etc.

"It's just like we want it," he mused, and without losing time, like a man who had lived ten years in the "live-wire west," he arose from his chair at the hotel and rushed to the given address to examine the property for rent.

He was a young man of light complexion and thirty years of age; pleasant and polite in every respect and manner. He had lost his father when he was but a lad, but he had a mother who had raised him with all the necessary qualifications and education which prosperity demands of its favorites.

Their wealth was limited—sufficient to cover all their wants—but that was all. Therefore, as soon as George took his diploma from college he left his "dear Georgia" and immigrated to the golden west, where prosperity crowned his efforts with riches. They were living happily there, but his mother wished and always insisted on him to return home and stay, being that they were independently rich and could live comfortably at home. So, ten years from the day of their departure George sold mining property worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and came back to Atlanta with his mother to live the balance of his life, according to her wish. As soon as they arrived his mother went to pay a visit to her sister in the suburb, while George engaged

himself in the tiresome occupation of searching for their future home.

Fortunately the address of the "For-rent" house was not difficult to find. It was bearing a large number and a "To let" sign that caught the dim eye of George quickly. He rapped at the door unhesitatingly and a maid appeared. He told her that he wished to look at the house and she gladly hastened to show him the way.

The house was excellent. The dining room, the kitchen, the garden, and especially the extreme cleanliness appealed to George as beautiful. He liked the luxurious furniture that was in orderly regulation and he was in mind to rent the house furnished as it was, provided the landlord would consent to that. He had only one objection about the whole affair, and that was the fact that the house was a little too large for two persons—that is, only him and his mother and perhaps a servant or two—but again he thought it would be a pity not to profit by such a magnificent discovery of a residence.

Finally, he looked through the whole house, except two rooms, which the maid had told him in her careless way were unprepared.

"When can I see the landlord?" he finally said.

"My lady rents the house; if you wish, you can see her."

"Does the lady live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's her name?"

"Mrs. Steffens."

"I don't know her—and when can I see her?"

"Right now if you wish; she is in her room. Have a seat in the parlor and I'll call her."

George seated himself upon a sofa in the parlor and waited. Being that the lady delayed to come—for the fact, perhaps, that she might have been unpresentable—he took the album from a nearby table and gazed at the

portraits therein. All were unknown to him, but, at the sight of the last photograph, he started in surprise. It was the picture of a young girl of about sixteen years of age, very pretty.

"My God!" he murmured. "She favors Elsie," and after he examined more carefully, he added severely:

"Why, it's impossible for it to be some one else. It is she; I recognize her very dress. What does her picture mean by being in this album?" he mused, wondering. And then, again, he added, answering his own question, "It means that they know her and they must tell me where she is. Poor Elsie, who knows in what corner of this world you are living, reflecting in your memory on our past happiness?" George then fastened his gaze on the portrait of the girl and his mind was an abyss of thoughts. He was in such an agitated condition that he startled when he heard a sweet voice behind him exclaiming:

"I hope you'll excuse me, sir, for keeping you waiting so long."

"Oh, no; it's I that must ask your pardon for disturbing you, madam," he hastened to reply somewhat nervously.

The lady seated herself comfortably near the piano, and, although the light of the sun was behind heavy clouds and the eyes of George were almost a blank from the close examination of the girl's portrait, he could clearly see a genuine beauty in the face of Mrs. Steffens.

He asked particularly about the house and at her answers he almost felt his blood run madly fast. The lady had something strange about her for George and made him recollect his past.

Finally, the terms for the rent of the house were agreed upon, with the exception that George would have

to bring his mother to ratify his action before the lease could be drawn.

"And now, madam, I wish to ask you a favor before I go," George said, rising from his seat to depart.

"What is it, please?" said she smiling sweetly.

"I discovered in your album, which I took the liberty to examine without permission, a photograph of a young lady, whom I happened to know since childhood days. Is she any of your relatives, or friends or acquaintances, and where is she now?"

"Which one?"

As she stooped to look, her head almost touched that of George and he felt as though an electric current passed through his body.

Mrs. Steffens could not refrain from laughing heartily when George showed her the photograph.

"Pray forgive me for laughing as I do, but there is a reason for my doing so," she said, looking at the amazed retired capitalist. "It seems that some likeness has deceived you," she added, apologetically.

"Nothing of that sort, madam. Isn't this Elsie?"

"Yes, her name, too, is that—in other words, it is I."

"You! You! Oh, my God, I thought I heard that voice before. Yes, it's you, Elsie; I see you now plain enough; it's you. My heart was restless since I entered your door. I ought to have recognized you immediately."

Mrs. Steffens was dumbfounded. She retreated in fear from the extraordinary stranger and only gained self-control to demand:

"Sir!—"

"Elsie, have you forgotten me?" said he, offering her his card.

"What, you, George?—what a happy moment, what a chance! How could I recognize you after so many years' absence? The idea! And we were playing a com-

edy for so long with each other. Have we changed then so much that we can't recognize one another after our once great love?"

"Well, Elsie, you see, it's ten years since we saw each other. So many things have happened since then—you, for instance, got married," he remarked, bitterly. "I went away; time has changed our appearance; but, at least, I am happy enough in seeing you once more."

"Do you remember those happy years, George—our neighborhood, those happy and careless years of ours, how great they were?"

"Do you remember our love, Elsie? that childish feeling. Do you remember how I wept when I left you behind me?"

"The blood rushed to the face of the young lady and she lowered her eyes.

Whenever we get tangled in the net of recollections, a beautiful picture of our life appears before us in its true and pure natural genuineness. They recollected many a happy day that both were the heroes in—that sweet age which is granted to humanity as dessert before the meal, instead of after it. They together thought of their happy past sufficiently to turn the page towards sadness.

She told him how her parents married her by force to an old man with money, how miserly he was and how she despised him. She told him what a miserable life she had lead for the past five years while she lived with him and finally how she was left a widow at the age of only 23 years old.

While Elsie was relating her story about her deceased husband, George was breathing with more ease; he was glad in discovering that she was a widow—(how bad he was!)

George then related his own story, which was less touching than that of Elsie. He told her how he had liv-

ed away out west; how he struck his mining property; how he became a cowboy to be amongst them, and other incidents relative to the western life.

"Had you ever thought of me out there, George?" she asked hesitatingly.

He pulled a lock of hair from his pocket book, and, in reply, asked her: "Do you recognize this, Elsie?"

"Why, it's mine," she said sweetly. "Oh, dear," she continued, "you thought of me as much as I did you; it isn't more than a month since I read those last verses you wrote me ten years ago.

"Then I was writing verses, dear, but now we'll live otherwise than in verses and thoughts, as we did the past ten years."

"What do you mean?"

"You understand what I mean; I was looking for you and I found you."

"Impossible, George. You must marry a girl that will suit your position, a young girl that will bring you happiness—I'm old," she stammered faintly.

"What! Can I believe that you have allowed our earnest love to grow cold within you, Elsie?"

Elsie did not answer, but, instead, she drew her silken handkerchief from her bosom and covered her wet eyes, remaining speechless.

"It can't be anything else, Elsie, except the fact that you don't care for me any more; your refusal in granting me happiness that I ask is a sign of dislike. Do you despise me? Be plain, now—will you marry me?"

"For the sake of your happiness, George, I tell you—marry a young girl; and as for the old love, I love you, but——"

The poor girl never expected these words from George—from him whose image brought recollections of great happiness. She did not expect this happy moment and her joy tied her tongue.

"What has that 'but' to say or do, Elsie? I have

found you and now I'll marry you or die. Say one word or the other—If you want my destruction, say 'No;' if you wish to see me happy, if you want to feel again those days of our school times, say 'yes'——"

The maid at that moment interrupted by addressing her mistress. "Madam," she said, "the gentleman who looked at the house yesterday has sent his *chauffeur* to tell you that he wants the house and he'll come here this afternoon to sign he lease."

When the maid finished, George was greatly disturbed. He waited breathlessly to hear the answer of the young widow, which meant an answer for him, also.

Elsie was trembling perceptibly. She looked at the earnest lover and then at the servant, and for several seconds she didn't say a word. She looked with a final, steady gaze into George's eyes and, as though she discovered the answer imprinted therein, she turned to the maid and said: "Tell the gentleman that I have decided to keep the house for myself—and take also the sign from the window; the house is not for rent."

"Thank God," George murmured, and in another second he was kissing the pretty lips of Elsie.

Go and Find It.

Stage Manager: "I thought you told me you was a singer."

Singer: "Yes, but I lost my voice last night in the park."

HAS THE TIME COME?

Messages from the capitals of the old world inform us that the Allied Armies are about (Oct. 28) to conquer Andrianople, a city of noted commerce and manufacture, located in the heart of Turkey in Europe, and considered by experts as commanding the great highway to Constantinople. A great battle is expected to be fought there from moment till moment. And who knows that by the time the reader is glancing at the foregoing page the blood of 600,000 men is not streaming toward the river Martza, adulterating its crystal-like waters?

Other messages from London give us the displeasing information that the great powers of Europe have disagreed among themselves and the action which they intend to take in reference to the Balkan war, is feared, will not be considered as a whole, but each and every one of the powers intend to act separately. This, if the statement is correct, would necessarily bring unsatisfactory consequences and the world looks toward the near future with visible uneasiness. Thus, if for instance, Russia should carry out the semi-official rumor of marching her armies against Turkey, through the adjoining borders, will necessarily cause unpleasant interference of other powers, including the "iron-hearted Great Britain," which, up to this moment has been observing the Balkan situation motionless like a marble statue and indifferently, which is common to the English blood.

And while news about the victorious Servo-Bulgarians, the daring Greeks and the brave Montenegrins arrive in succession with sensational details, one can ask himself: "Has the time come?" Has the time arrived for the inevitable Pan-European war? And as far as it concerns myself, I would have had rejected the fearful thought from my mind, had I not traced interesting points of investigation contained therewith. You may class me as superstitious, if you will. Let it be so but I feel satisfied that when I set my reasons for so

thinking, you will doubtless agree with me upon some points at least. I am a Christian, but the meaning of the word itself is so great that I would hesitate to call myself a Christian in the full sense of the word. Yet, I believe in Christ as being my Savior and God. I believe in His teachings and here is where the point of truth lies.

In the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark and in the seventh and eighth paragraphs we read the following warning:

“And when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled, for such things must need be, but the end shall not be yet.

“For nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be earthquakes in divers’ places, and there shall be famines and troubles. These are the beginning of sorrows.”

These warnings are worth your consideration. If you are a Christian, why should you hesitate to believe that the time is near at hand? Something tells me that you will stop reading right at this point. You may have thought that this article, too, was a short story or a comedy to enjoy reading seated comfortably near your fire place, and therefore at the unexpected disappointment you will, or have, cast this book away from your hands. I do hope, however, that my imaginary thoughts are incorrect and that you are paying strict attention to my words. It is true, dear reader, that you have read so very much in regard to your religion and the dry reading of it is so tiresome, but at the same time, think that the man or woman behind that reading matter has endured much painful effort in order to prepare religious articles for your betterment. You may have had disappointments in something predicted, but do you think that it is possible for a human being to tell at these days of sin what is going to happen in the future? We only can judge, by using our limited knowledge from conditions which appear to fulfill the Testament of our Lord

and to remind you of the only and great fact, which is: "Be ready."

For further investigation of the thought in response to which I asked myself if the time had come. I will proceed elsewhere and investigate the question by which we might be able to compare it with the uncertain time referred to in the Scripture above mentioned.

Immediately after the death of Alexander the Great, his mother land, which is the scene of today's difficulties, began to have the ill luck and more heartfelt misfortune, than any other country of the universe. At first the mother land of the greatest general this world has ever known, felt her children disputing her ownership. The dispute was not temporary, it continued from the semi-civilized ages to the present day. Even now, at the conclusion of this war, dispute amongst the Allies themselves is predicted. Fate has been unmerciful as though a punishment of life time was imposed upon them who dared to participate with Alexander in his efforts to reveal the mysterious unknown. The fearful punishment which was inherited from generation to generation was cruel. Every inch of that soil has been irrigated by an immense amount of human blood.

Yet, if the dispute was disturbing the civilized world, no power has dared to touch the subject of the Balkan land. It has been considered from prehistoric years as the question of the day amongst the diplomatic circles. It has been a problem which rulers and philosophers have repeatedly tried to solve, but failed. Theologians predict and their statistics have been accepted, that the general war referred to in the Scripture and quoted above, will have its starting point in the Balkan land. **HAS THE TIME COME?**

TOO MUCH SUGAR FOR A DIME

(A Comic Monologue by the Author of "Black Hair").

Had I available paper to spare I would have painted right here with black paint or tar a question mark fifty feet high! Truly this being an impossibility I ask eagerly WHY?

Everything in this funny world in which we are living is made for some purpose or season—the cowbells, the encumbers, even the street-sweepers, the rats, the laces and the coats, all have their scope.

But we, the human beings, if you please, what are we made for? What is our purpose? WHY should we have been created? Aren't we—and you must admit it—a great orthographical error, which in a sensational physical condition the Mighty Novelist and Creator of the Universe has made? Eh?

Listen here, please. Let us discuss this matter a little further. Do you know what's so? I think that we all are made to suffer. Yes, I do think that and I mean every bit of what I say. Why, it's awful. It's a wonder that I haven't gone crazy already. (In spite of the fact that you may consider me as such). It's terrible, I say. It's terrible.

(After a short, thoughtful silence): What is that? You want to know why I say that?

With pleasure. I'll confess to you what tortures I've suffered for the single reason of being human. (Unless you are in doubt of my being such). (Excitedly): I am not good looking. My mirror and your smiles have assured me of that fact. Never in my life have I wished to be a conqueror; and yet, (hesitatingly), I don't know how I too caught that confounded fit which the whole of humanity since the days of Adam and Eve till the

days of Rockefeller compressed into four letters, L-O-V-E.

Of course, gentlemen, I have "felt in love." Verily, ladies, I went "crazy for a girl," who didn't care for me more than you all do. She was beautiful, however, and I couldn't get her out of my mind. I was loving her secretly and she was aware of that fact. The further she was drawing away from me the more love I felt for her. Her pretty image was before me always, night and day. I was at the lookout to see her pass, so I could breathe once more deeply until I could see her again. The most beautiful parks, the most attractive amusements, the most pleasant and beautiful of the imaginary beautiful appeared blue to me without her, while the contrary, terrifying sights, cyclones, storms and wars bloody and roaring appeared to me pleasant as the very Paradise if she was present. Yet she did not have equal feelings for me. I was a stranger to her. You can guess my joy when one day (after a year's circulation of my feet under her windows) I received the following letter from her, written on the very finest quality of paper:

"My Darling Harry: Tomorrow, Friday, 9 a. m., I will be at the house of Mrs. Gunner. Come there and ask for me. I want to meet you. I want to speak to you. I have so very, very much to tell you. MABEL."

When I read this letter I thought I was reigning over the whole earth. Indeed the world was mine. I do not exactly remember what I dreamed that night, but I know that I was kissing Mabel when I was awakened by some one who was knocking upon the door so violently that I thought I felt my room and the house suddenly collapse.

"Who is that," I shouted, out of reason and within—the door.

"Important telegram," was the quick response.

With my pajamas on I rose from my bed and opened the door. And the telegram. Let me tell you what it said. I remember it all by heart; listen:

"Jacksonville, Fla.

"Uncle died, leaves you heir to fifty thousand dol-

lars cash. Regret death, but congratulations to you.
Leave first train. HERBERT.”

I almost fainted from joy. (You see, the fifty thousand dollars replaced sorrow of death with joy). I began dressing hurriedly and in a new method. After my hat, then I put on my shoes, my necktie next, and then my trousers. I was excited beyond control. Finally I departed in any way I could after I had secured my cane from the rack—something that was essential to the wardrobe of a gentleman at that time.

I was about to cross the corner of the street leading to the house of Mrs. Gunner, when some one exclaimed behind me: “Good morning, Harry.” And after a short pause the same voice continued: “For goodness sake, you don’t seem to be sorry at all.”

“Why?” I said, startled, and turning around I beheld an old acquaintance.

“What, don’t you know anything about it?”

“About what? Speak man. What has happened?”

“What has happened? The worst—Sam is dead.”

he replied emphatically. “The Woodmen have deputed you to make the speech at the grave,” he added.

“What, Sam dead?” My only friend, the one who shared my sorrows, who always lent a helping hand with cash. ’Tis a cruel world. With a heavy heart I proceeded toward the house of Mrs. Gunner.

“There, at last this is the door of the Gunners’ house,” I mused, but how can I enter? I don’t know any one in the house. I knock with fear, with hope and with my cane and a maid appears.

“Is Madam——”

“Gunner? Yes, she lives here. Come up stairs.”

I mounted the staircase, but not without first bumping twice against the steps, owing to my sensational condition.

I found myself in the presence of an unknown lady. I made a respectful salute by bending my body, which, however, proved fatal and was announced by an explosion. The part of my body backstretched caused a

valuable Chinese vase to fall and get destroyed.

"Excuse me," I stammered.

The lady, enraged by my stupidity, said politely (not): "But I see that you don't look around you at all. And what do you want to do with her?" she inquired with her eyes firing—cannon balls.

"She has sent me word to come——"

"Ah! You are the piano-tuner. Come in, but you must be careful next time. That vase was worth \$500.

I stepped into the parlor and, seated comfortably, waited for my beloved Mabel. Perhaps, I thought, she wished to find an excuse for my visit and therefore she used the available title of piano tuner.

At the invitation of the enraged lady I heard the footsteps of my approaching sweetheart. But when she projected her—nose. Oh! Ye Gods! What a disappointment. Instead of my beauty what animal do you think showed up? An old maid, who had the features of a former bear of the circus and now at large. She was the proud owner of a nose that had the shape of a coca-cola bottle and a pair of eyes that it was necessary for one to be blind to accept their gaze. She came close enough to me to observe that she was wearing two blankets, one in the front instead of a breast and one in the back instead of backbone. She smiled at me and at her smile I discovered that she was also the owner of one and one-half teeth, the former located on her upper jaw and the latter on her lower.

"Has Mr. Brown sent you here? Pass inside, please." she told me with an awful smile.

I beg your pardon. I do not even know that gentleman," I hastened to reply, shaking dreadfully.

"What, what? Aren't you then the piano tuner that my daughter here, Mabel, was expecting?" the old lady demanded.

"There must be some mistake somewhere, Madam."

"Mistake? When you have destroyed one of my best vases? You would demonstrate yourself as a brute,

ir, if you won't repay the damage which you have caused without any reason to our household—”

“With the greatest of pleasure.” I hastened to reply. “I am worth fifty thousand dollars.”

As soon as I mentioned my financial condition both mother and daughter as by magic changed in their expressions. The furious lady appeared as though she regretted her previous harshness. Oh, humanity, humanity; how much longer should you worship the almighty dollar?

The younger (?) lady displayed smiles so warm that they made me feel chilly. What does this transfiguration mean? I thought. Can I guess that she takes the courage to project those smiles as silent signs of matrimonial hope? Horrors. She must attempt to marry some dentist, and, unfortunately, I am not one.

I slipped off from the traps of the unpleasant company and I ran to at least catch the train. On my way I passed from the cafe, which I was patronizing, to borrow railroad fare. The waiter about being the manager handed me a letter. “Oh, the miserable girl,” I growled, looking at the letter revengefully, “I bet she apologizing in here for not being there as she promised. I opened the letter. Let me read it to you. I remember it by heart; listen:

“Wretch: You wrote me today that I was appointed by the governor, secretary of the state, which was false. Intoxicated, however, with enthusiasm of the good luck, I did not attempt to investigate how truthful this was and consequently I gave in my resignation. The position which I was holding was immediately given to one who is my bitterest enemy. I am penniless and on the streets on account of you. You are not a gentleman. Meet my witnesses tomorrow if you have any manhood left about you.

LAWLAND.”

I was half through reading the letter when I turned pale as death. I rubbed my eyes as though I didn't believe I was awake. What writing is he talking about, wonder? I didn't write him a single line and I didn't even know that he was to be appointed secretary of the

state. Alas! And he was my only friend who could help me compose that speech which I was to deliver by appointment from the Woodmen.

The sensational happenings of the day were too much for my poor mind. The duel would prevent me from going on my trip, which meant \$50,000 to me. To get off secretly he would take me for a coward. My knees began to shake, my lips to tremble spasmodically, my nose to suffer, my shoulders to go back and forth. Everything appeared black and awful.

I ran to my room madly and fast, as though someone was after my life. I was excited, hungry, thirsty, miserable. When I arrived there I opened my memorandum nervously to write the day of so much excitement down, to write in my diary the day which had shortened my life by ten years. To do so I glanced at the calendar. Oh, ye Gods. Oh, ye millions of the secret respect. Oh, cruel, cruel world. I was fainting. Can you imagine what I read on the calendar? "FIRST OF APRIL."

Nectar.

First Tramp: "Pal, talking about drinks, what kind do ye like the best?"

Second Tramp: "The kind that they set me up to."

Look Out, Bill.

Drunkard, (Staggering along through the darkness, he falls against a telegraph pole): "Wav, Madam, I beg your pardon; excuse me, please."

That's All.

Sufferer: "Here is a dollar to tell me what to do to stop my toothache."

Kind Friend: "Why, thank you, of course; and here is the advice: Go and have it pulled."

The Complaint of a Drunkard.

When I feel my pocket rattle,
I run to find a drink or bottle.
He says: "What you have?" I say: "Any junk
That's got the 'goods' to make me drunk."
I say a toast and I pour it in,
And then I feel that I am a king!
I feel, but I don't realize,
That armies I mobilize,
Thrones I burst,
And I fight the trust.

In San Francisco I take a walk,
And in two minutes I reach New York!
London, Chicago and back again,
I hold the world in my hand.
I feel as though with wings I fly,
I jump from the bar to the sky, high!
I own all the bars,
I own all the stars,
The spring, the fall,
The sun and all.

If I was a rich man I'd stay full,
But I've been one and now I'm poor.
My wife's working down at the laundry,
And my children are naked and hungry.
With another drink I drive away
Remembrances that caused me to go astray.
(VANITY).

The Complaint of a Bachelor.

The idea is simply terrible,
Single to be is awful—is sin!
Single in the day, alone at night,
Alone to get out, alone to get in!

ALONE, what a shocking expression,
 Like a monster alive with fiery eye,
 Laughs at me sarcastically, Oh! Oh!
 ALONE, with letters ten feet high,
 I feel the word alone as though
 The monster is fearful and I am trembling!
 To live alone is to have no life,
 I'm going, I'm going, no more "alone,"
 I'm going to find, I'm going to hunt,
 To steal if necessary, a little wife!

The Complaint of a Widower. (Yes, From Reno).

A Friday evening, while the wind was roaring,
 And snow flakes were disorderly falling,
 I was walking in haste the unlucky night,
 To reach hospitality at my home's fireside.
 At the door I didn't meet my dear wife.
 (And it was the first time in my life).
 In surprise, in wonder, and uneasily,
 I looked through the window suspiciously,
 Do you believe it—alas! What I saw was fierce!
 Must I say it? A man taking from my wife a kiss!
 What could I do, but kill both—like dogs?
 Their blood from my bullets was dyeing the rugs.

From the crime to repent, I established Associa-
 tion,
 An insurance company (which is honest occupa-
 tion)!
 That's where I met my wife the second,
 Whom I loved and she idolized me (I reckon).
 She knew of my crime and was under a bond,
 Of a policy from me—for a great sum.
 Yet we were happy, jolly and hopeful,
 Till I caught her, too, in the trap—the ungrateful!
 I found her in the arms (ye gods!) of my best and
 older,
 Friend and million-dollar policy holder.

Oh, terror! I say a million. What would you have done?

Kill this lover, also, and then pay that sum?
Never! And so I allowed him to enjoy life,
And instead of his insurance, I gave him my wife.

The Complaint of a Married Man.

My duty is paid to fate and life,
That is, I have now a mother-in-law,
Since her daughter I took for my wife,
Who corrects my temperament from high to low!
My angel wife is now the contrary,
From that to which I used to bring candy,
The title of "sweetheart" was only temporary,
"Slave," she says now, when the broom is handy.

The Complaint of An Old Maid.

The spring of my life has faded away,
And memory is left to touch my heart,
Tomorrow is my once loved birthday,
And now despised, oh, I took my lot.

Pray fly away,
My once loved birthday.
Do not come tomorrow,
You'll give me sorrow.

Had I chosen James, or some one of the array,
If I loved George or if Dick were true,
If mama had consented to let me marry Harry,
Now my troubles would have all been through.

Pray fly away,
My dreadful birthday,
The horrible "if"
Means nothing but grief.

Yet, if my sweet birthday one of the "if's"
Had proved true in my miserable life,
You would not have reminded me of grief,
For you know some one had to call me "wife."

Pray fly away,
My once loved birthday,
Do not come tomorrow,
You'll bring me sorrow.

You bring me another year to add to my age,
To make me old of years thirty.
Instead of joy you bring me rage,
Tell me, why are you in such a hurry?

To loan or borrow,
More sorrow
Tomorrow?

Tomorrow I'll read congratulations, ha, ha.
Sweet words and pretty cards,
I'll feel as though they'll call me grandma,
And their wishes will be mocking sarcasms.

Birthday tomorrow,
And sorrow,
I hate you.

The Complaint of a Fruit Peddler!

I remember the day I left Italy,
And also the day that I arrived here.
I told the conductor, ding-a-ling-a-ly,
Choo—Choo—Choo—Chicago from here!

What do you want? the conductor said,
Mister Chicago, Choo, Choo, Ding-a-ling,
And I showed him the train that was passing away,
And I ran up and down with a Ding-a-ling!

But he couldn't understand—was no use to talk,
That a ticket I wanted for Chicago town,
Or, perhaps he wished to have me in New York,
To imitate the train, running up and down!

A few days later I wanted some eggs;
I heard the name from my country-men.
I went to the store and I called for "legs."
And, my, what a time had the grocery man.

He laughed and I started to give him a lick,
But again I thought, "maybe I'm mistaken."
I lay on the floor and imitated the chick,
With a Ka-k-i ki-ki-Chi-ki-ka-cken!

I got them, of course, but any way,
Some other time I'll tell you all
That happened to me in the far away
Metropolis where I spent that fall.

Now the sun is up,
I'd better walk,
My fruit to get up
And go to work.



CERTAINLY! CERTAINLY!

OR

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

CHAPTER I.

The Engagement.

“Well, then, from what we have said the marriage is a settled matter, I suppose. Is it not?”

“I do not exactly disagree with you my dear friend, but for you to take for a son-in-law one who is the heir to such an enormous fortune I think that you should make some sacrifice also, don't you?”

This conversation was taking place in a richly furnished parlor at the residence of Mr. Ambrusio located in a fashionable street of Rome and between Mr. Ambrusio and Mr. Andronico, two life-long friends, veterans and comrades. The topic of their discussion is the marriage of their children. That is, Andronico is seeking the hand of the beautiful daughter of Ambrusio for his son, Mike, according to the rules of Roman Society.

At the demand of Andronico, long silence followed, disturbed only by the footsteps of Ambrusio, who was thoughtfully pacing the floor of the room as though in search of words by which he could satisfy his friend's remark. “Well,” finally exclaimed Ambrusio, stopping in front of his friend and slowly raising his gaze from the floor, “suppose that I add to the presents that I have already given them a vineyard of mine in California, will you then accept?”

“Is it large, Ambrusio?”

“Two-three acres; I bought it last year when I made that trip to America.”

“I scarcely know how to answer you, my friend,” said he hesitatingly, “but being that you are an old friend

of mine, and for the fact that I heartily desire to claim relationship ties with you, I'll accept."

"Great," responded Ambrusio joyfully. He then dropped lazily into a big arm-chair next to that of his friend and continued smilingly, "How good to think that we are going to live together. We certainly will spend the rest of our days in pleasure, because I know that you are a widower and you know that my wife is dead——"

"Well, my friend, that makes you a widower, too," interrupted Andronico, laughingly.

"Why certainly, and we will make our third partner with a deck of cards and life will be one continual round of pleasure, but let me tell you," he added as though an obstacle disturbed his mind unexpectedly, "there is something that I have failed to ask you about."

"What is it, Ambrusio?"

"I don't know if your son——"

Ah, yes, I understand; you wish to know the character and conduct of my son, Mike. I knew the question that you were going to ask before you finished it. Yes, my son is a graduate of a military college and, besides, I have raised him militarily myself. Believe me, I have but to put my teeth together and call his name aloud and he trembles as though he had fits. Yet it is me, my friend, who is in doubt about your daughter——"

"Don't finish," Ambrusio demanded laughing, "the question is so delicate that even friends some times fall out on account of it. You can rest assured, however, upon that issue, because my daughter is a graduate of the Academy, also, and one glance from my eyes is sufficient to cause her to faint."

"All right, then, everything is settled, but wait, I hear footsteps and it is probably my son Mike. He promised to be here at ten o'clock," said Andronico, and looking at his watch he discovered the time to be two minutes till ten. "My son," he continued, "is always very prompt with his engagements. It is exactly ten."

The eyes of both friends were directed toward the entrance of the room and Andronico's prediction proved

to be correct, for Mike appeared at the door and stationed himself there like a military watchman, who was waiting the orders of his superior for his next movement. Ambrusio was employing great effort to conceal violent laughter, because, besides the comical air that Mike furnished with his foolish gaze toward the two friends, he was also dressed in an attire that the most amusing comedian of the stage would have been jealous of and anxious to possess.

"Here I am, father," Mike muttered at last.

"Ah, there you are, my boy; come here and kiss me and then kiss the hand of your father-in-law."

"What's that you said, father?" inquired Mike in surprise, and somewhat startled.

"Come on, sir," commanded his father, evidently trying to demonstrate to Ambrusio his son's absolute obedience to him, "forward march!" he added soldier like. And Mike obediently marched toward his father and carried out his wish.

"Well, my boy," Ambrusio said to Mike, when the latter had kissed his hand, "I suppose you know what we have been talking about don't you?"

"Yes, he knows everything," interjected Andronico, as though he was fearing that his son would dare say the contrary, and turning to his son he winked his eye to him, meaning "say yes."

"Certainly," murmured Mike.

"Well, are you satisfied?" continued Ambrusio.

"Certainly," admitted Mike, all the while watching his parent's every movement lest he should make some error and upset the plans already made.

"Do you really like my daughter?" continued Ambrusio.

"Certainly," again assured he.

"So you knew that this marriage was to take place?"

"Oh yes," again interjected Andronico, "he knew it before I came here myself. Isn't that so, my boy?"

"No, I didn't know that," stammered Mike doubtfully.

"How is that?. Didn't you tell me yourself that you

had spoken to the girl and that you already knew her?" and again Andronico signed to his son secretly demanding his acceptance.

"Oh, certainly," said he.

"Well, my son, come and take a seat by me," proposed Ambrusio.

"Certainly," stammered Mike, sitting by his future father-in-law.

"Be at home while I go to announce your arrival to my daughter."

"Certainly," assured Mike.

"All right, I am going, and good luck to you. I believe you to be satisfied."

"Certainly," replied Mike.

Ambrusio left the room in pretense of notifying his daughter of the groom's arrival, which partially was true, but his haste indicated that his lips could not bear the emotion of laughter, the demonstration of which would doubtless have caused absurd embarrassment to his friend. Once in the anti-room, however, he let the steam of the boiling emotion escape noisily. Laughingly he proceeded to the apartments of his daughter. On his way he exclaimed to himself, "For the name of Mike, can't that boy say anything else but that 'certainly, certainly!' "

After the departure of Ambrusio, Andronico, who imagined the impression which his son reflected upon his friend, turned his chair toward Mike and growled in rage: "Say, you confounded idiot, have I not told you a thousand times that you must learn how to get into society—to be polite and smart in conversation, try to be attractive, amusing and popular?"

"Certainly," responded Mike.

"And learn how to speak?"

"Certainly," repeated Mike.

"Not to stand motionless like a stump?"

"Certainly," continued Mike at every demanding question of his father.

"And not to keep saying 'certainly' all the time?"

"Certainly," agreed Mike.

"Certainly again?"

"Certainly," Mike replied.

"Shut your mouth," Mike's father now yelled, wrathfully. "You had better look out. Don't let me hear you use that word again, or I'll knock your head off your shoulders. You must be very careful when she comes, for she is beautiful, and shines like a diamond everywhere she goes."

To these words Mike appears to change somewhat and in response he smiles with self-satisfaction.

"You like that, eh?" asked his father with a soft look.

"Certainly," Mike assured him.

"What is that? But, by George, you have extended all limits of patience." And so saying Andronico raised his cane in striking attitude toward Mike.

"Don't, father," Mike pleaded, "I forgot that time."

"All right, I'll forgive you this time, but remember this is the last time. Now be very careful, and when she comes meet her and kiss her, talk to her sweetly, treat her kindly. Be careful, my boy. This is your chance to get into society, to get married to the best girl in the land. Now, attention! Do you know what to do?"

"No, I don't."

"What's that you said? 'No?' "

"No."

"What is the matter with you? Do you mean for a fact to say 'no?' "

"No," again poor Mike repeated.

But ere he had said "No" his father had him held in his strong grasp, at the same time exclaiming earnestly, "I say, I am talking to you, do you hear me? Me, your father. Are you awake or asleep? Do you hear me? Do you understand what I say? Yes or no?"

"No," laconically and dryly was again heard from our hero.

Andronico at this point lost all patience and control of himself and yelled in still louder tones, "The d—— take you; why don't you say certainly?"

"Certainly, certainly, cer——" sputtered out Mike,

but before he could finish he found himself once more in the hands of his father, who had one hand on Mike's mouth, rendering him speechless.

"Hush, hush," demanded he in anger. "Shut your mouth, that's enough." And so saying he removed his palm from his son's mouth.

Mike was so glad that he repeated his favorite pass word and he admitted that he felt better at being able to breath with ease.

"Tell me now, Mike, do you know how to make love?" asked Andronico quietly.

"No," said Mike as usual.

"What's that you said? You do not? Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. To think that I have been educating you for all these years and now to find that I have simply been throwing my money away."

"Well, father, they never taught us any lesson like that at college. They taught us mathematics, grammar, geometry, algebra and such as that, so you see I am not to blame for——"

"Confound you idiot, love is not a lesson to be taught at schools. They do not teach anything like that there, I know it, but at the same time you ought to have read enough novels there to know what love is. It's a lesson that young men learn themselves—assisted by girls."

"Well, then, father, you ought to let me go to some female college to learn it."

"What in the name of common sense are you talking about? You belong in the woods where you can hide forever, if you are so green that you don't understand that much."

Poor Mike did not like this reprimand from his father.

"Wait, pa," he said, "I bet I can learn that lesson if you only tell me how."

"What's that you said? Tell you how? Why the idea! I would be ashamed of myself to say that when I was your age. Who was there when I was twenty-one

to show me how to make love?"

"But, pa, won't you teach me how, please?"

"Well, let us try," Andronico replied absent mindedly, but at second thought he added severely, "but there is no use to try, for you do not even know the theory of it."

"But you do, father," Mike continued insisting, "You know how and you can teach me also."

"It's useless," responded the angered father.

"Well then, father, get me a teacher and let her show me."

"Shut up," commanded the father. "Why your course at college has certainly ruined me and you both."

At that moment Andronico heard footsteps of some one coming into the parlor, and, presuming that it was the much-expected bride, he whispers to Mike warningly, "Wait a minute, I hear some one coming and it's probably her. Yes, there she comes, so I'll leave you with her. Now be careful. Preserve our reputation. Greet her royally. Kiss her hands, her cheeks, her——"

And before he finished his next sentence, Andronico withdrew cautiously, leaving Mike in a surprised condition.

CHAPTER II.

Mike and Mary.

To the last orders of Andronico, Mike responded with his long-forgotten "certainly" and upon hearing the footsteps coming nearer he lost control of himself completely. He knew that he displeased his father, but he also knew that he was not to blame for it. His association with the fair sex was narrowly limited. His association with Cupid was strange—strange in the meaning of the word as well as wonderfully strange. He wished to love, he wished to conquer, and he wished to be loved, but the idea alone was causing him to become a nervous wreck. Poor fellow, why shouldn't he be amongst a country that had abandoned with the ages the idea of treating love as a scandal? At college they impressed upon him the thought of considering love as attached to

frivolous persons. If he was not uneducated, he was, however, inexperienced of the world, which is equal to blindness.

Mary, the nurse of Aspasia, entered the room, which she considered to be vacant. She did not observe Mike, who was stationed in the corner of the room, when she exclaimed to herself: Well, if I am not mistaken, that lover, that grand man of mine, will be here in a few minutes," and so saying she attended to the brushing off of the furniture. "Dear Mr. Bright," she continued after a short silence, with self satisfaction.

Poor Mike, who was praying to the Lord to deliver him from that room, was not yet noticed, but he was excited beyond description; he thought that the girl for which his father made him suffer that night was before him, yet how could he begin his erotic start? "How do the other fellows do it?" he thought to himself continually. He decided to remain speechless and allow fate to take its course.

"Why, I love his very name and worship the ground upon which he walks," Mary continued, praising some one, but to the ears of Mike everything sounded a meaningless echo. He was dumbfounded.

"I was watching through the kitchen window and thought I saw him coming. He looked grander than ever in that uniform of his," again murmured Mary, turning toward the direction Mike was seated. Her last word was succeeded by a cry, which was caused by the observation of poor Mike, whom she saw crouched up in the corner.

"Say, who are you, guy? Who planted you here?" And after a short silence she added smilingly, "alone here like a Monk?"

"Miss—me—eh—ho," replied the all-excited Mike rising from his seat for a moment, only to fall back on it more confused.

"I am asking you what do you wish here, sir?"

"You, yes xxxoooouu," spluttered poor Mike, trembling and miserably nervous. Then turning his gaze toward the opposite direction of the room he mused in-

wardly, "Oh, I can't do it, pa. Oh, mother, what is the matter with me? How dizzy I feel. Oh, my knees, my back, my head, my stomach. I feel as if I were going upon a long trip—as if I were in a boat. I feel as if I were going to vom—," and although he did not finish his last sentence, owing to the interruption from the impatient-becoming Mary. We presume, however, that he meant that he felt as though he was going to supply the fish with the meal that most water travelers generally contribute.

"Why don't you speak to me?" demanded Mary again.

"Me? Cer—tain—ly. Er—er—er—" Mike stammered.

Mary, not knowing how to take the position of the unexpected visitor, and for a response to his uncertain words, she gave tooth for a tooth. "Er—er—er," she mocked him laughingly.

At the sight of laughter Mike recovered sufficiently to exclaim: "Ha, you smile, my darling. So you love me, eh. I, too, love you and I like you, and I am going to take you for my wife—and—"

"What? You love me? You?" Mary interrupted in surprise, and after a piercing and steady glance at Mike's eyes as though she was in search to discover if the man before her was or was not a maniac, she added, laughing sarcastically, "That sounds funny."

At the roar of second laughter Mike had recovered fully. The sound of laughter drove his bashfulness away and at the same time assured him that there was no danger of attack. Gathering all his courage in consolidation like the Sultan of Turkey against the threatening Bulgarian he seized with a desperate effort the hand of Mary, exclaiming at the same time in the most ardent manner: "Yes, my love, my sweetheart, I love you. I am crazy about you and I am going to marry you." So saying he tried to place her hand where he could kiss it according to the instructions from his father.

At this sudden change of conditions, Mary became alarmed to a fainting extent. Fear tied her tongue for several seconds, but gradually she recovered and tried to

be relieved of the unexpected visitor's attitude; yelling at the top of her voice she commanded Mike to release her hand. "Oh you loafer," she said, "who are you? What do you want of me? Turn me loose I say or I'll call for help. Let go my hand, I say. You'll break it."

"I won't break your hand, my darling," said Mike tenderly, at the same time trying to kiss Mary upon the cheeks in compliance with Andronico's directions. "I love you and I want you to be my own. I won't hurt you," he continued sweetly.

"Take that, then," replied Mary in her final effort, demonstrating her reply with a blow, which settled squarely between Mike's eyes.

"Oh my eyes! Father! Father!" screamed poor Mike, releasing Mary's hand and rushing out of the room crying at the top of his voice.

Mary was listening at the fading-in-the-distance cries of Mike in summoning his father and she smiled with self-satisfaction when she heard him call, "Father, help; she poked my eye."

"The brute—he nearly crushed my hand in his grip," she mused. "Why, I never heard of such a thing in all my life. He stuck to me like a leech, but I have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that I drove him off and not before I had planted my fist well upon his eye." And while Mary was engaged in her solitary conversation, Bright, the brave policeman and fireman, entered.

CHAPTER III.

Torture of Bright.

Bright is a man of thirty-eight winters—a young man still. He is handsome and claims the love of many nurses and pretty little cooks of the neighborhood. Above all, however, he has a special feeling for Mary, whom he intends to call his wife in the near future. Soon that day Bright discovered—or thought he discovered—an opponent for whom Mary was entertaining equal feelings as for him. The thought of it was piercing his heart like hot irons and more than once he promised himself not to

set his foot at the door of his once sweetheart. Yet, in spite of all this he entered that very door at that moment, though one hour later from his usual time. He did not stick to his word, it is true, but can lovers stick to their word? No. An old Greek saying is that the very moon (usually the only witness) laughs at the mutual or solitary oaths of lovers. Mary, who has been long waiting for him, noticed that something was wrong with her lover, for instead of his usual warm greeting he merely muttered "Hm."

"Well, this is a funny way you are greeting me to-day, Bright," remarked Mary in wonder. "What makes you so silent? Why that disturbed look upon your face?"

"You let me alone; I am mad," he demanded.

"But what is the matter with you? You must tell me."

"Go away from me," shouted Bright wildly.

"My God, man, you have nearly scared me to death. Don't break my heart. Now tell me."

"I'll break somebody's head directly if you don't let me alone."

"What, mine—your Mary's?"

"Yes, yours. Go away from me, I say. I don't want to see you any more. Away from my presence, untrue and deceiving woman."

"I untrue and deceiving?"

"Yes, you. Away from me, I don't want to know you from now on. I don't even care for your friendship."

"Do you mean that, Bright? Do you mean what you say? Or has something happened to your brains?" demanded Mary in surprise.

"I mean every bit of what I say, and my head and brains are in good shape. There is no necessity for you to ask about my health. I have found out what you are."

Footsteps of some one approaching deprived Mary from further controversy. Her attention was drawn toward the new comer. She realized the seriousness of Bright being found there and she hastened to inform him of that fact.

"There is some one coming, Bright. Hide for goodness sake. If anybody should see you here I'll be a ruined girl."

"But tell me where in the D—— can I hide now? said he, making a bee line for the door located at the left hand side of the room.

Don't go in there, that's my master's room."

"The D—— you say," murmured Bright, now excited.

"Here, here, get under this table. Hurry up," commanded Mary invitingly.

CHAPTER IV.

The True Lovers.

Bright had scarcely stooped under the table when Harry entered. Harry is a young man of twenty-one years of age. He is what an author would describe as a model of manhood of present day civilization. A young man of expectations, indeed. His firm character and the words "I will" are printed upon his forehead. He is deeply in love with Aspasia and as usual he came to meet her as was his custom when he was not studying in college, from which he expected to receive his diploma soon.

"Mary, where is your mistress?" inquired Harry as soon as he entered.

"Why, she is inside dressing, because she expects company—the groom, you know." Mary gave emphasis to her last words as though she wished to see the shock described on the face of the young man. And, indeed, the news was shocking, for Harry. It came to him like a thunderbolt from heaven, though he did not quite understand the meaning of Mary's words and he asked her for explanations.

"What did you say, the groom?"

"Why yes, didn't you know that she is fixing to get married to somebody else?"

"Somebody else?—impossible."

"Well, just wait till she comes and then you can hear that from her own lips." So saying Mary departs

toward her mistress' apartments to notify her that her former lover was waiting.

Harry did not know how to take this unexpected trial. "It is doubtless a joke," he mused. "Why it's impossible. The idea, to think that my Aspasia went back on me, never, never. I say and I repeat that it's impossible. But there she comes and I'll know the truth in a short while."

At the approaching footsteps Aspasia appeared. She is a young lady of nineteen Mays and the beautiful daughter of Ambrasio. She is a maiden of refinement and one whose hand is sought by many, including Mr. Andronico for his stupid son, Mike. Harry, however, had long been considering Aspasia as his and had never doubted her devotion to him.

"Ha, ha, my boy," she said to her lover as a greeting, as soon as she entered.

"What do I hear, Aspasia?" replied Harry coldly and without returning the greeting. "Is it true that you are fixing to get married?"

"Yes," said she, complainingly, "it is true. But oh, Harry, I am so unhappy. I am in distress. I don't know what to do to escape this misery, this torture—to escape this marriage which means death to me and to think that my father prepared this for my misfortune, for my destruction unaware of what he was doing."

If it means death for Aspasia, it means even worse for Harry, if worse could possibly be considered. At the revealing of the bitter truth Harry was a different man. Poor lover! The castles that he was building with his imagination were by a sudden shock falling to the ground. The world without Aspasia was blank, was black, was death, was fire.

"It is all true then?" he inquired once more in despair and as though he was doubting his own ears.

"Unfortunately, yes," came the prompt reply and at its sound Harry could not recognize it if it came from the breath of Aspasia or from some evil spirit that was

attempting to exchange his happiness for grief.

"What do you advise me to do, Harry?"

"What to do?" he asked erroneously, "don't you know what to do? Why marry him, of course," he added jealously.

"Harry, do not be so cruel. Won't you try to save me from this awful calamity?"

"How can you expect my help? Have you not been deceiving me, Aspasia?"

"What?" exclaimed she hysterically, "me deceive you, dear?"

"Do you still love me, Aspasia?" Harry asked earnestly as though he observed a slight ray of hope.

"Yes I do," she assured him, "with all my heart and from the utmost depths of my soul."

Poor Bright, who had been listening to all this conversation from underneath the table, was praying that Mary would only love him in the same way as Aspasia was loving the man whose voice he could hear.

"Is it so, and shall I believe it?" once more inquired Harry as though in a dream.

"Yes," said she softly, "and for further proof take a little kiss," she added invitingly.

"The table cloth was raised slightly and the wide opened eyes of Bright glanced for a second eagerly at the embraced couple.

"Now, Harry, we must plan some scheme by which to destroy the plans that my father has arranged so carefully for me tonight.

"Do you promise me that you will do whatever I propose?"

"Absolutely to the end of the world with you," she assured him determinedly. "Only now I must leave you, because my father is waiting for me."

"I am satisfied, dear, good bye."

"Good bye for the present, dearest."

CHAPTER V.

Surprise.

Harry watched his soul's star disappear and he listened to the noise of her footsteps until all were faded in the distance. Then with a sweet sigh he brought his mind to the true condition of circumstances from the other imaginary thoughts. Finding himself alone he feels that he is confronting a more serious situation than he had anticipated.

"Now how in the world am I going to prevent this marriage," he mused in wonder. "I know what I'll do," he continued thoughtfully, "I'll go and hunt the strongest whip that I can find and then find that miserable groom-elect and apply it to his back with such force that he will lie in the hospital long enough to give Aspasia and myself time to elope. By George, this is the best solution and I must be quick about it, and woe unto him when I lay my hands upon his shoulders."

Bright, who had heard this conversation from under the table was praying earnestly for his delivery from that dangerous spot. He feared that the man who was looking for the whip might discover him and give him the beating before he had time to explain that he wasn't the man he was looking for. At one time he decided that he would come from under cover, but upon second thought decided it best not to.

Harry, after his somewhat ridiculous decision, prepared to depart, but he had barely reached the door when he heard voices coming in the distance to the room and he could plainly hear the argument and the words. "I'll not bear this insult. I will have revenge."

"By George," he exclaimed, "I am in a devilish fix now. They are coming this way and I must not be found in here. Where can I hide?" he continued musing thoughtfully to himself. "Ah, I have it. I'll hide underneath this table."

He lifts the table cloth in compliance with his decision and starts underneath, but just as he is about to crawl under, he comes in contact with what he thinks is

a dog and with a well placed kick he commanded: "Get out of there, you lazy dog."

"Hold on there. I am not the man you are looking for," a voice exclaimed in response to his kick.

"What is that, a man under there?" he said to himself in surprise, "and I bet that he is the guy," he added gladly.

In the meantime the approaching voices were about to enter the door and Harry decided to postpone his conversation and private business with the gentleman under the table until some more convenient moment. The door was swinging open when he darted underneath the table.

"Shut your mouth, he ordered Bright hastily, "not a word."

"Don't push me that way," demanded Bright. "You almost knocked me out of the table and by jingo if they see me, they'll find you too, and then they'll make mince meat out of us."

"Shut up, or I'll make mince meat out of you myself, which I will do sooner or later."

"For heaven's sake quit kicking me," pleaded Bright painfully. "You nearly kicked my corn from its roots. Oh, my corn, my corn," he moaned sorrowfully.

"Shut up, I tell you, or I'll kick your head off."

Finally the low voices under the table ceased and the new arrivals were in the room discussing, unaware of the company underneath the table. Andronico was furious for the mistreatment of his son Mike.

"Why the more I think about it the worse I feel," said he nervously. "Why to think that she almost put his eye out. It's a gross insult and they must answer me for this. I'll have revenge."

"I wonder what that old man is grumbling about?" asked Bright of Harry in an undertone.

"Shut your mouth or we'll both be discovered."

"Quit kicking my corn I tell you. Wait until we get out of here and then I'll take it out of you."

"It's impossible," said Ambrusio, "of my daughter to have mistreated your son, and I can never entertain

such a thought."

"I can't understand why you consider it impossible, when my boy's eye is swelled up and looks like an egg plant. You may admit, however, that it is very absurd and I do not intend to leave your house unavenged. I'll duel with every member of your household if necessary—male, female and neithers with every one of you."

"Be calm, Mr. Andronico, and I'll call my daughter and have her apologize to you fully."

"All right," responded the all-excited Andronico, "I demand satisfaction."

Ambrusio fearing that delay might prove fatal, summoned his daughter and she was upon the scene shortly.

"Here I am, father, what do you wish?" said she entering.

"Ah, there you are, you disgraceful child. Are you not ashamed to appear before me after such conduct?"

"Well, father, I do not deny it, but I do not consider it shameful, because you are the cause of me doing it."

"What's that you say? I am the cause of you doing it?"

"Ha, ha," chirped Andronico, "You are the cause and I demand double satisfaction from you."

"What are you talking about anyway? Do you mean to say that I am the cause of you doing what you have?" insisted Ambrusio in surprise.

"Yes, my dear father," assured Aspasia emphatically. "You are the cause; because I love him with all my heart."

"What is that you say? You love him?"

"Yes, father, and unless you'll consent to our marriage, I'll commit suicide."

"Well, I'll swear! What kind of devilish love do you call that? She loves him with all her heart and she nearly knocked his eye out," murmured Andronico."

"Eh, what? You love him and you slapped him in the eye?" demanded the confused father of Aspasia anxiously.

"Slapped who in the eye, father?"

At this point Mike interrupted further explanations

of this misunderstanding by his appearance at the door.

CHAPTER VI.

Satisfaction Received from the Table.

Mike was really disfigured. A wet handkerchief was bandaging his eye and when he entered the room his hand was placed flat against the surface of the painful organ. As soon as he recognized his father, he exclaimed complainingly: "Let us go, pa; I don't want her for my wife."

"Look, look," demanded Andronico of Ambrusio at the sight of his son. "Look, and if you dare not, give me satisfaction."

"There she is Pa," continued Mike, pointing at Mary, "That's the one who hit me."

"What?" demanded Andronico stunned, "Have you been making love to the nurse instead of the girl that I told you—her mistress?"

"Certainly," responded Mike amazed.

"Stupid! I have half a mind to knock your other eye and head off your shoulders."

"Are you the one who hit the boy then, idiot?" yelled Ambrusio to the nurse sharply.

"I demand satisfaction," shouted Andronico.

"Certainly," added Mike.

"Give your reasons at once and beg the gentleman's pardon," ordered Ambrusio.

"Well, I'll explain," said Mary, "you see, he came here and tried to make love to me. I did not like the color of his eyes, because I am crazy about black eyes, and his were blue. He insisted on making love to me and held my hand until I thought he would break it. I told him to turn me loose and when he refused, I hit him in the face and you can see I came pretty near hitting the spot."

"Let us carry that nurse to the police station, Pa," pleaded Mike fitfully.

"No, no, I'll fight her a duel myself," said Andronico determinedly.

"Certainly," agreed Mike.

"Go to the devil," his father told him.

"Certainly," accepted Mike.

"There is no use of all that rude language, Mr. Au-

dronico, because, besides the fact that we are in the presence of ladies. You must admit that your son is too comical to be in company with well-bred people," advised Ambrusio kindly.

"No, never. I won't admit anything. I'll have satisfaction here and now—with the leg of this table."

To the utter surprise of Andronico, however, and to the astonishment of all, instead of catching the leg of the table, he pulled Bright out by the leg.

Harry rose from his hiding place voluntarily and appeared, also adding more surprise to Andronico and Ambrusio. Aspasia was not strangely surprised, in spite of the fact that she did not expect to see her lover at that critical moment. Mary changed colors in succession from red to pale and from that to blue. Mike was observing the situation as though nothing happened.

Andronico was the first to break the silent confusion.

"What does all this mean?" said he amazedly.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" Ambrusio seconded.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Harry with self control, "this man and I were hidden under that table—because——"

"Enough, enough," shouted the enraged Ambrusio, "I am asking you what business have you in here."

"Father," said Aspasia, realizing the difficulty in which her lover was plunged, "This is Harry, the man that I love and of whom I told you before that unless you'll consent to our marriage I'll commit suicide."

"And this, Mr. Ambrusio," said Mary, "is Bright, the fireman, who put the fire out of our chimney."

Ambrusio welled the emotion of protest in his throat when he glanced at the ambitious looking young man who was holding the hand of his daughter murmuring to her encouraging words and thanks for her protection. He realized that the situation was finding its own level and adjusting itself. Turning to his old friend and comrade, he said decidedly: "Andronico, I am very sorry. I wanted to be kind and friendly toward you, but you see my daughter loves another and it appears to me that their

love is inseparable."

Andronico, who was considerably softened from the appealing scene of the lovers, appeared to be determined not to interject any more invitations to duels, but when he caught sight of Mike, his disfigured shape demanded of him once more to say: "I must have satisfaction."

"Certainly, certainly," was again heard from the lips of Mike.

"Shut your mouth," Andronico yelled disgustedly. "You have made a devil of a mess with that 'certainly, certainly' of yours."

"Certainly, Certain——"

All were happy now and before Mike had finished his second "certainly" a general chorus arose from all: "Shut up!"



THUS SAITH THE LORD.

“Give and it shall be given unto you.”

“Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.”

“Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.”

“And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites.”

“He reigns above Who has power to stop the raging war.”

“Help the helpless.”

“And he (the fool) thought within himself, saying: ‘what shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruit?’ ”

“Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abashed, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.”

“When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind.”

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